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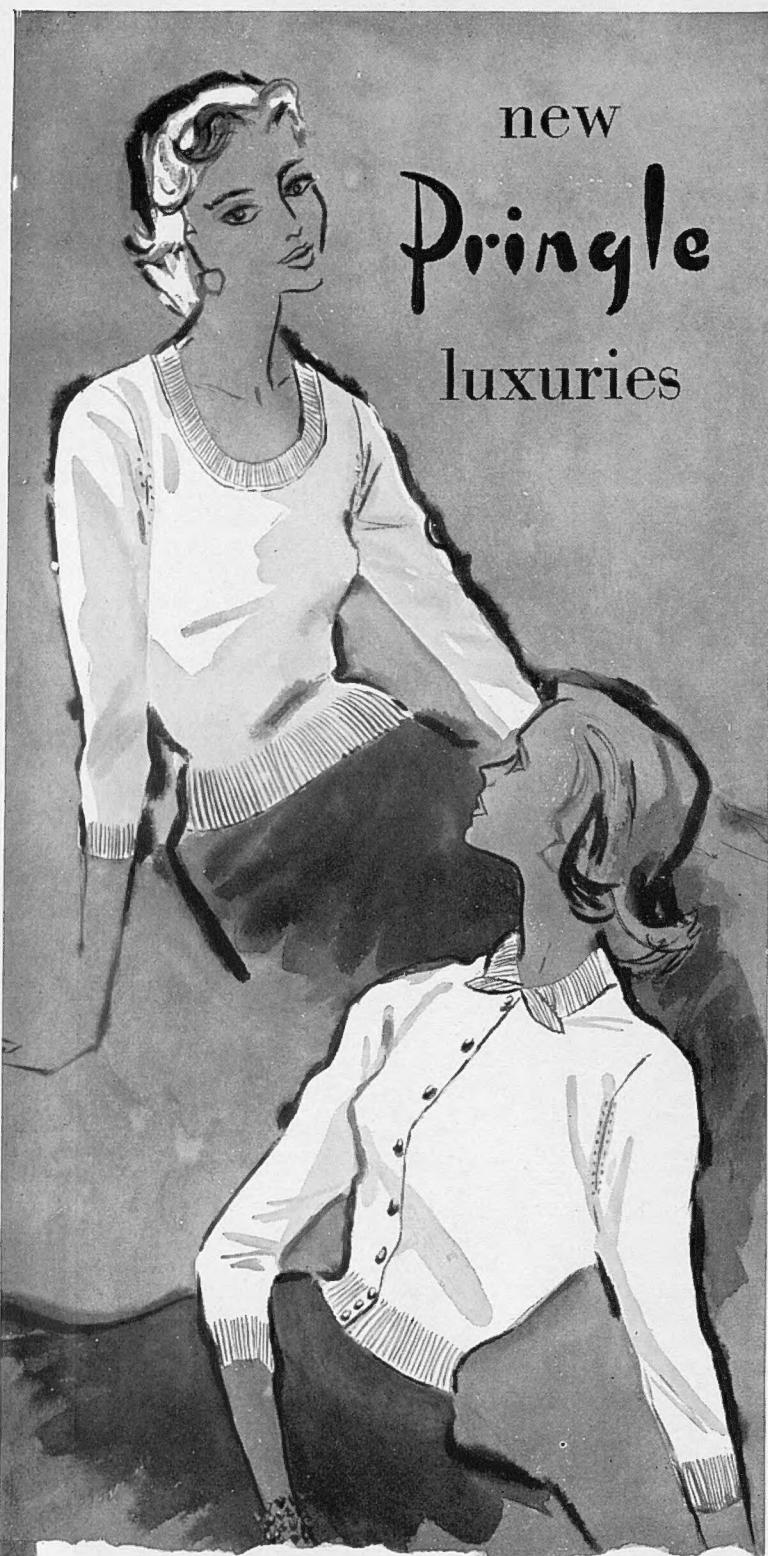
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TABULAIRE



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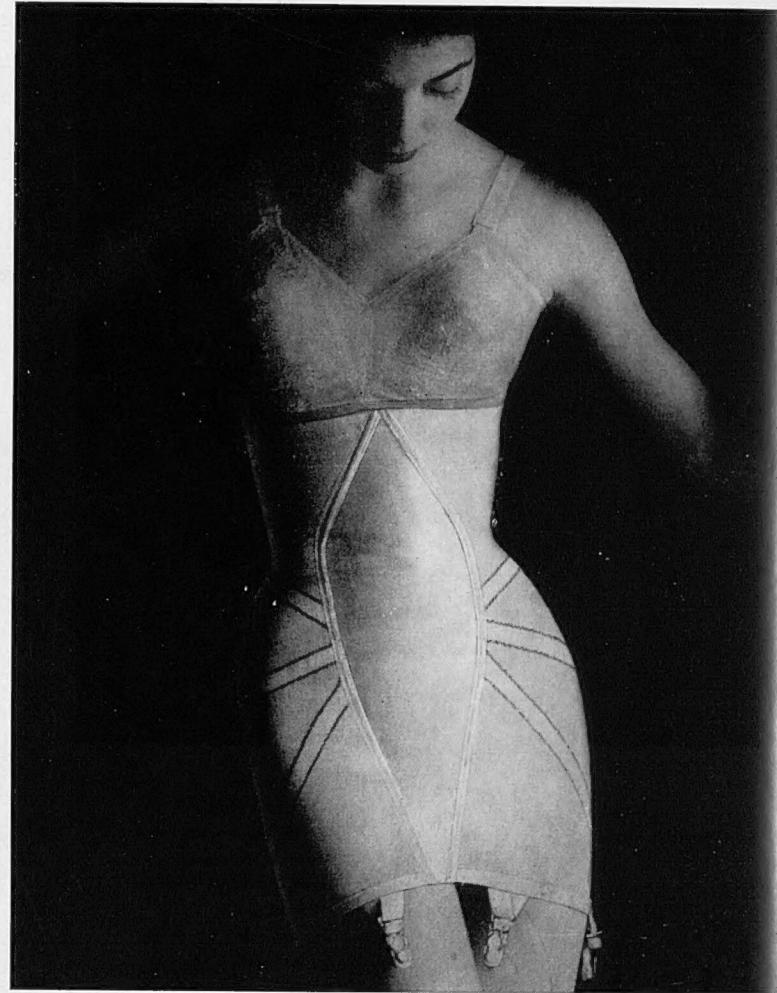
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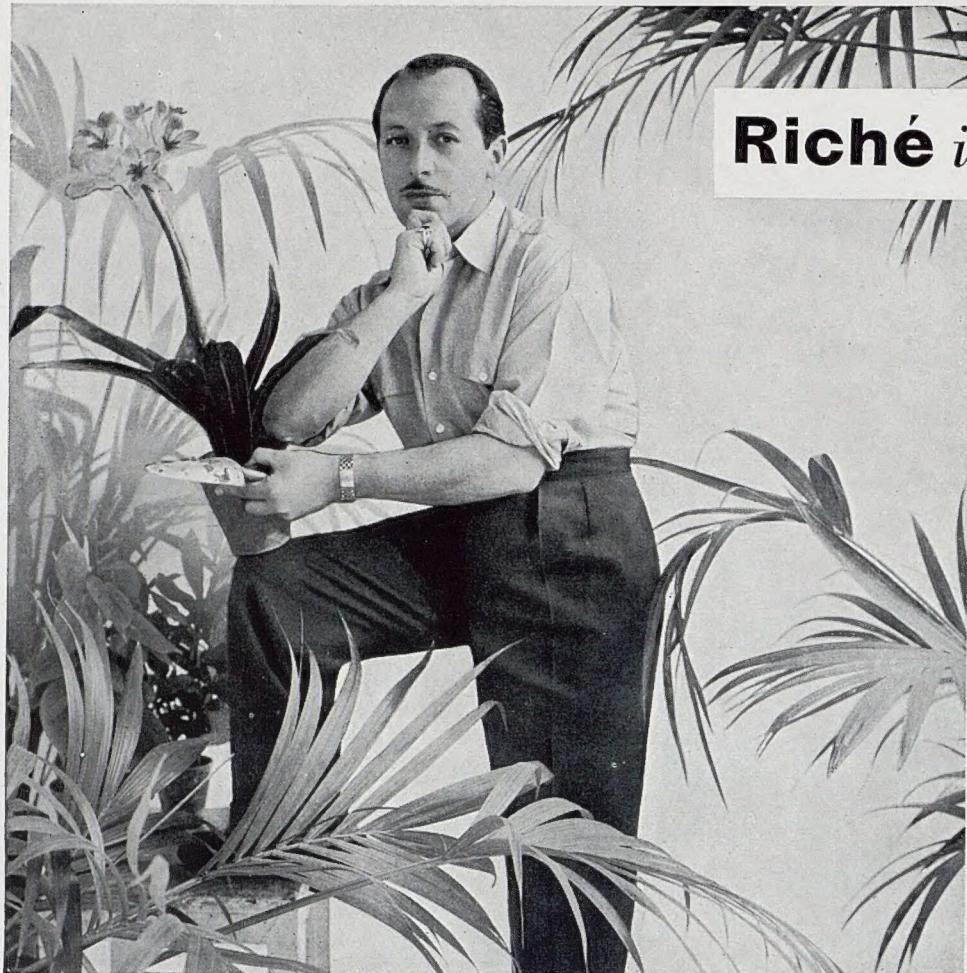
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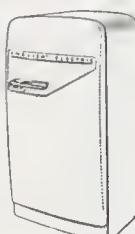
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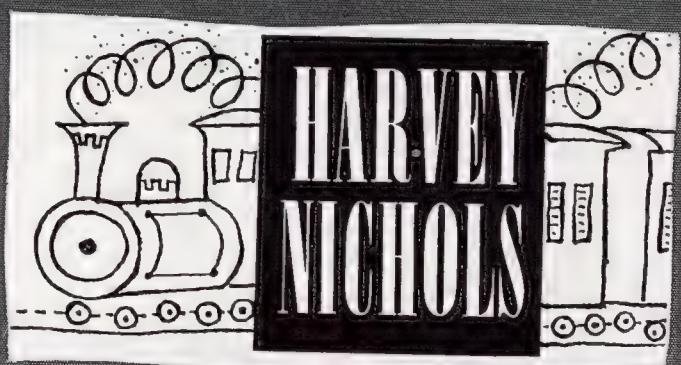
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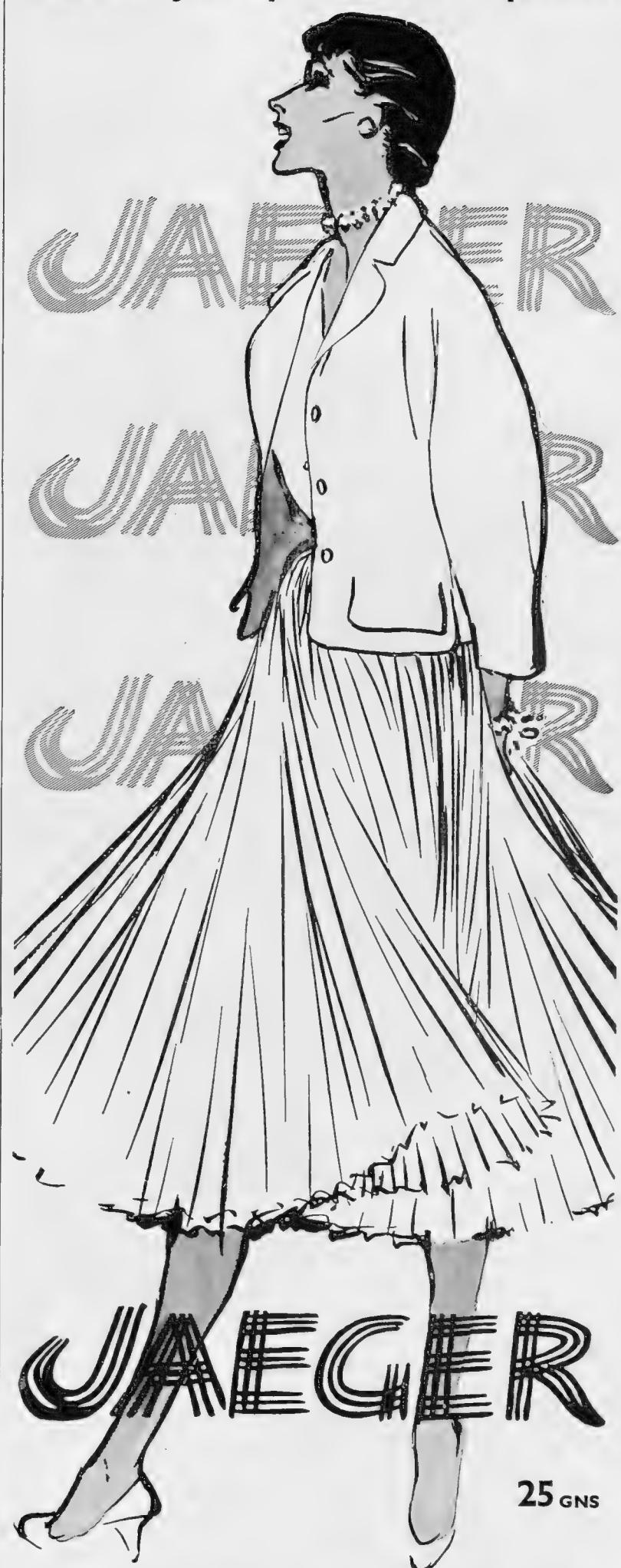


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# Social Celebrities . . .



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Eric Coop

## At their home in Brussels

LADY KATHERINE FARRELL is the wife of Mr. Charles Farrell, M.C., late Scots Guards, who is First Secretary at the Embassy in Brussels. She is here with her daughters, her elder Judith Gurney, by a previous marriage, and Louise Farrell, who was born in 1949. Lady Katherine is the twin sister of the seventh Marquess of Anglesey and youngest daughter of the late Marquess. Her family dates back to the mid sixteenth century



Michael Dunne

MRS. GEORGINA EDMONDS, seen here in her home which is situated on the famous "Appian Way" in Rome, is the wife of Mr. Robin Edmonds. She is the daughter of Mrs. R. Grant of Codicote Bury, Hertfordshire, and Lt.-Cdr. A. B. Combe, of Rhodesia. Mr. and Mrs. Robin Edmonds were married in 1951 and have a small son, Charles

**Wife to the First Secretary**  
*At Britain's Legation  
in the Vatican City*



Betty Swaebe

## A DÉBUTANTE READS LAW

MISS ROBINA LUND, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Mr. Thomas Lund, C.B.E., Secretary of the Law Society, and Mrs. Lund, was presented this month. However, her degree of participation in coming-out celebrations will be strictly limited by working hours, for she is studying to become a solicitor. A fine pianist, she chose carefully before making the law and not music her profession. She speaks French fluently

*Social Journal*

*Jennifer*

## THE QUEEN AT CHELTENHAM

THE Queen and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, like hundreds of other racegoers, left London on the second day of the National Hunt Festival not knowing if racing, which had been stopped the previous day, would be possible. Happily all was well and the programme started on time. The Queen had hoped to see her mother's two horses run, but with the postponed programme they did not appear until the following day.

The Royal visitors watched the racing from a flower-decked box in the middle of the Members' stand with the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort. Later, accompanied by Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord and Lady

Grimthorpe, Sir Eric Miéville just back from Monte Carlo, and Mr. Edward Paget, they stood in the paddock watching the horses parade before the race for the Champion Hurdle Challenge Cup. This was won by Mr. G. C. Judd's good horse Clair Soleil, with Stroller from Ireland second and Prince Charlemagne third.

HER MAJESTY set the most perfect example of being really well dressed for a cold day's racing. She looked charming in a long beaver lamb coat over a plain wool dress with a close-fitting green hat and primrose scarf, and on her feet were sensible fur-lined boots. Among the owners in the paddock before the Champion Hurdle were Mr. Stephen and Lady Ursula Vernon watching her horse Assynt which had come over from Ireland, and Sir

Gordon and Lady Munro, who had his useful hurdler Syrte running in the race.

When proceedings ended the Queen returned to London by train and the Queen Mother motored over to Chippenham to stay with Capt. Frank and Lady Avice Spicer at Spyke Park.

EXT day, unfortunately, the Queen Mother was to be disappointed as both her horses, Devon Loch and M'as-Tu-Vu, ran unplaced. The highlight of the programme that day was the race for the Cheltenham Gold Cup, won by Mr. P. J. Burt's Gay Donald, a thirty-three to one outsider who beat the Contessa di Sant' Elia's game little chaser Halloween, with Mr. A. Strange's Four Ten third.

[Continued overleaf]

Continuing The Social Journal

## Many racegoers came from Ireland

As always at this meeting there was a great gathering of friends from all parts of the country. The contingent from Ireland I met included the Earl of Fingall, who with the Countess of Fingall had had like hundreds of others a fruitless journey to the course on the first day, Brig. Eddy Boylan, Brig. Dominic Browne, Col. Dan Corry and Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Rowly Byers, the latter well wrapped up in a lovely mink coat, as was Mrs. Ian Galloway, who had come down from Scotland, and Mrs. Joseph Mackle just back from a visit to South America.

**A**MONG those entertaining friends in private boxes were Lady Biddulph, Lady Margaret Huntington-Whiteley, Lady Apsley, and Countess St. Aldwyn, who had Lt.-Col. and Lady Joan Gore-Langton and Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Wainman staying at Williamstrip—Earl St. Aldwyn unhappily missed the meeting as he was away in Paris on Government business. Also present were Capt. Charles Tremane and his attractive wife who wore a mink coat and little green hat, Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson, Mr. Dick Wilkins, Mrs. Violet Kingscote in brown, Major "Cuddy" Stirling Stuart and Major and Mrs. Graeme Whitelaw.

A few more of the very big crowd racing, all so wrapped up that new spring tweeds were never on view there, were the Earl and Countess of Normanton, Lord and Lady Stavordale, who came with Major and Mrs. Dermot Daly, who also had the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie and Mr. William and the Hon. Mrs. Eykyn staying with them, and Major and Mrs. Alan Wood, who had a runner, as did Mr. and Mrs. Keith Cameron, who were both present.

**M**R. AND MRS. JOHN MIDWOOD I saw down from Cheshire, also Lady Moyra Hamilton, Earl Bathurst, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Faulconer, Mr. and Mrs. Lobby Villar, Mr. Auriol Gaselee, Master of the West Kent Hounds, and Mrs. Gaselee, Mr. John Watney, Master of the North Warwickshire, Major Stanley Cayzer, joint-Master of the Warwickshire, Lady Sybil Rowley and her sister, Lady Lettice Cotterell, the Marquess and Marchion-



MRS. PETER DE ZULUETA, wife of Capt. P. de Zulueta, Welsh Guards, with her infant daughter, who was christened Marie Therese at St. James's, Spanish Place. She is the elder daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick A. M. Browning, and Lady Browning, who is the writer Daphne du Maurier. Mrs. de Zulueta's husband is serving in the Middle East

ess of Abergavenny and Major Peacock, who were staying with Major and Mrs. Hugh Brassey.

Major and Mrs. Jimmy Dance went racing, also Sir Nigel and Lady Mordaunt, Viscountess Melgund, who came with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith Ryland, Mrs. Peter Dollar, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Lawrence and their débutante daughter, Verity, who is having her dance in London in the autumn, Sir John Carew Pole, who was one of the stewards, and Mrs. Tony Cooke, whose husband Lt.-Col. Tony Cooke is now one of the best race commentators in this country and gave brilliant commentaries during the events each day, for which I heard praise from many present.

I stayed for the meeting with a party of friends at the Bear Hotel at Woodstock in Oxfordshire, quite near the gates of Blenheim Palace. It is an old coaching inn, reputed to have been first licensed in 1232,

which has been cleverly brought up-to-date, losing none of its old world charm. It was warm, exceedingly comfortable and exceptionally well furnished, with an air of luxury seldom found in country hotels. What is more, the food was superlative—as good as any I have found in any restaurant on the Continent. Readers, especially those from abroad, who want to visit Sir Winston Churchill's birthplace, beautiful Blenheim Palace, and possibly to tour Shakespeare's country in adjoining Warwickshire, should make a note of the Bear Hotel in their diaries.

★ ★ ★

**T**HE last few days of my stay on the Riviera I spent in Monte Carlo, one of my favourite resorts in winter or summer. The little principality of Monaco has had the best winter since the war and, like Cannes, every



Outstanding Oxford and Cambridge athletes attended the Achilles Ball

*Mrs. D. G. Steel and her husband, organizer of the ball, which is usually held after the O.U. and C.U. athletic meeting, postponed this year by the weather*

*Mr. R. St. G. T. Harper (left), the Olympic hurdler, and vice-president of the Achilles Club, with Mr. K. S. Duncan, hon. secretary of the club, and Mrs. Duncan*

*Miss Jackie Sexton was escorted by Mr. Chris Higham, who was second in the Empire Games hurdles. The ball, a most successful occasion, was held at Stanhope Gate, W.1*

hotel was full. I stayed at the Hotel de Paris which M. Broc runs so efficiently and where one is always certain of great comfort. Here I found that many of the bedrooms had been newly decorated, and amongst the prettiest were the ones on the third floor looking out over the harbour, with a wide balcony on which you got all the morning sunshine for breakfast. The walls were painted palest grey, curtains and covers were yellow, and shaded candle brackets on the walls had replaced the old-fashioned centre hanging light.

But what was really new and surprising in the room was the long built-in cupboard with its sliding doors. These were decorated with beautifully painted murals showing the social world in Monte Carlo in Victorian days, with people out for a leisurely walk, or ride, in gaily coloured dresses, uniforms and riding coats, on a sunny spring day. These had been carried out by a young painter under the direction of Raphael of Paris. The adjoining bathrooms to these pleasantly gay bedrooms were equally bright with aquamarine tiles and exceptionally well lit dressing mirrors. Other delightful rooms in pastel shades with clever lighting and luxurious bathrooms, had been redecorated under the direction of Jansen of Paris.

QUESTS staying at the Paris included the Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale out from their home Yester, in Midlothian, the Earl and Countess of Durham who come to Monte Carlo every winter, and the Hon. Mrs. Philip Glover who motored over to Mougins and played golf one day and on another was playing lawn tennis at the Monte Carlo Country Club—before the war she was a member of our Wightman Cup team and still plays a very good game of tennis.

Major Reggie and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan were staying here and played golf most days. They had a big party with them including Enid Lady Chesterfield, the Hon. Mrs. Denzil Fortescue and Lady Rachel Davidson, who was also playing daily at Mont Agel or Mougins. I met Lord and Lady Chesham who came down for a week's holiday at the Hotel de Paris before Lord Chesham took up his appointment as Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen. Major and Mrs. Robert Tritton, two more "regulars," were once again out from their lovely Georgian home, Godmersham Park, near Canterbury, and had enjoyed five weeks down here when I met them. Other visitors were Princess René de Bourbon-Parme from Denmark, who was staying with Lady Bateman, also the Brazilian Ambassador in Paris and Mme. de Mello Franco.

M. CASTELLO FRANCO CLARK, the Brazilian Ambassador at the Vatican, was there, also Baron "Rudi" Goldschmidt Rothschild, M. and Mme. Salmanovitz, who had come over from Switzerland, the Dowager Lady Michelham, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Raphael, Mr. and Mrs. William Zietz, Americans who spend some months of each year in Europe, alternating between here and the Ritz Hotel in Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Carver from New York, Mr. and Mrs. Anders Jahre from Norway, M. and Mme. Dimitri Zafaropulo from Greece, and Baroness Fain, wife of the former French Consul General in Monaco, who has recently been given an important appointment in Holland.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Paravicini were out from Hampshire and, like Sir Ronald and Lady Weeks, were staying at the Nouvel Hotel de Paris, which also faces the sea. The latter had their car and were enjoying motoring over to visit different friends in the district. Shortly after her return to England, Lady Weeks left



Miss Ione Stuart-Walker and her fiancé Baron Christian von Oppenheim. When married they will make their home in Cologne



Baron Harold von Oppenheim, the Cologne banker, father of the future bridegroom, and Lady Mary Stuart-Walker, his hostess

## ENGAGEMENT PARTY IN MAYFAIR

LADY MARY STUART-WALKER held an engagement party for her elder daughter, Miss Ione Stuart-Walker, and her fiancé, Baron Christian von Oppenheim, at Claridge's. They are to be married in July at Brompton Oratory



Baroness and Baron Wimmer, the Austrian Ambassador, and Mr. J. Phrantzes, who is the Counsellor at the Greek Embassy



Miss Helia Stuart-Walker, younger sister of Miss Ione Stuart-Walker, was here enjoying a conversation with Mrs. Telfer-Smollett



Desmond O'Neill  
Miss Susan Senior and her fiancé, Mr. David Coleridge, whose marriage is to be in July, two days before that of Miss Stuart-Walker

[Continued overleaf]

Continuing The Social Journal

## The land of fantails and camellia trees

again, this time on a trip to Madeira with a party of friends including Earl and Countess Beauchamp.

One day I motored with friends over to St. Paul and enjoyed a delicious luncheon at the Colombe d'Or, where white fantail pigeons fly around the old stone terrace and trees of red camellias, sweet smelling mimosa and beds of flowering cyclamen give colour to the scene. From here there is a wonderful view over Provence and the valley below which runs down to the sea.

Another day I lunched at the Metropole Hotel in Monte Carlo, which has also been full, like the Hotel de Paris, since before Christmas. Among the British visitors here were Lord and Lady Brocket, Lady Plender in great form in a party with Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay-Fynn and the Rev. W. Y. C. Rose, Lady (Jock) Kennedy lunching with Major and Mrs. Edward Christie-Miller who are going on to Rome in early April. Major Christie-Miller was recuperating from his severe attack of pneumonia.

I ALSO saw Sir Francis and Lady Winnington, Sir Louis Knutson, Mr. Nigel Sharpe, Maj.-Gen. Sir Alfred and Lady Knox, Lord and Lady Sackville, Capt. and Mrs. Drummond Kirkpatrick from Co. Down, Sir Eric Miéville, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Archie Scott, and the Earl of Mexborough, who was playing lawn tennis in the Spring Tournament on the fine hard courts up at the Monte Carlo Country Club which are open all the year round. The finalists in this tournament were J. Mey who defeated P. Moloy 6-4, 8-6, to win the men's singles, and Mlle. Françoise Lemale the very chic young French player whom I watched beat the English player Miss Annette Ford in two straight sets with the same score as the men.

If you did not want to spend your evening at the Casino, which is usually the rendezvous of everyone in Monte Carlo, there was a very good opera several times a week and an

amusing comedy called *Les Chiffonnieres* at the Beaux-Arts theatre. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf was among the artists who gave a recital at the Casino.

Mr. Somerset Maugham was staying at his villa at Cap Ferrat, and the Earl and Countess of Pembroke, whom I saw sitting with the Hon. Mrs. Tennyson in the Salle Privée bar at the Casino, were staying with friends in a villa. Others staying at villas were the Hon. Langton Iliffe and his lovely French-born wife, who were at his father's at Rocque-Brun, Lady Katherine Lambton was at her own St. George at Cap d'Ail, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butler were at Eze and the Comtesse de Clery, whom I met as she was leaving for Paris, has been at her Cap Martin villa. Sir John and Lady Dashwood were staying near Grasse. On April 22 their sons Francis and John Dashwood are giving a ball for her at the lovely family home, West Wycombe Park in Buckinghamshire. It is to celebrate the twenty-five years of work she has spent meticulously repairing a beautiful heirloom brocade which now adorns the dining-room walls.

OTHERS enjoying the delights of Monte Carlo, which I hope to visit again in the summer and which I hear is already getting quickly booked up for that season when the famous Summer Sporting Club will be open each evening, were the Earl and Countess of Stradbroke, who like Lord and Lady Ailwyn and the Hon. Mrs. Violet Cripps were staying at the Hermitage. Mr. and Mrs. Derek Wigan were there, both in great form when I met them in the Casino, also Mr. and Mrs. Henry Labouchère, M. and Mme. Bentzon, who are at the Norwegian Embassy in Rome, Mr. and Mrs. "Buster" Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Peters and Mr. Vladimir Landau, who runs the lawn tennis so efficiently at the Country Club during the season.

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BEFORE I continue, I should like to recommend to all, especially women, who are planning holidays abroad this summer, the revised edition of *Woman's Guide To Europe*, edited by Eugene Fodor and published by Newman Neame Ltd. It is packed with most useful and amusing information—from the approximate cost of your journey, the clothes you require in the various countries, where to stay, where to shop, where to eat, how to contact women's clubs, the social whirl—where and when to find it—sports and where to enjoy them, even where to find a babysitter or a school! It gives you the wanderlust, but at the same time tells you how really to enjoy and get the best value out of your wandering, by air, rail or sea, whether on hurried or leisurely trips.

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SHORTLY after her arrival from Spain, Lady Mary Stuart-Walker gave a delightful cocktail party in honour of her elder daughter Ione's engagement to Baron Christian von Oppenheim. I arrived a little late and found the young couple radiating happiness, going round the room together and talking to all their friends. They are getting married in London in July, and then going to spend a year in Cologne, where he is taking an engineering degree, before they go out to South America to make their home in Chile.

I met Baron Harold von Oppenheim, father of the bridegroom-to-be, who came over from Mexico. He told me it was the first time he had been to London for twenty-one years. With him was his wife, who looked charming in grey with a grey mink stole.

The Spanish Ambassador came to the party, also the Austrian Ambassador and Mme. Wimmer, Sir Frederick Hoyer Millar, who



THE INFANT son of Capt. and Mrs. Christopher Daniells, was christened Anthony Hamilton at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The godparents were Lt.-Col. L. F. B. Groube, Capt. A. B. Maxwell-Hyslop, Mrs. Robert Cross and Miss Harriet Browne



Capt. Giles Plowden was having a word with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Egerton-Warburton, who had just returned from their honeymoon

was over from Germany for a few days, Lady Mary's aunt, Lady Colum Crichton-Stuart, her brother and sister-in-law, Lord and Lady David Crichton-Stuart, and her nephew, the Earl of Dumfries, who is getting married in April, but came without his fiancée as she was in bed with influenza.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Sandys came to the party as did Mr. Marcus and the Hon. Mrs. Cheke, Lady Barbara Gore, who was talking to Mrs. Martin Soames who brought her débutante daughter Elfin, Mrs. Gerald Hamilton, who also brought her pretty débutante daughter Daphne Battine who has glorious golden hair, Lady Myra Fox and Col. Sidney FitzGerald.

Lady Mary's younger daughter, Helia, who will be one of her sister's bridesmaids, was among the young girls at the party, of whom many came out the year Ione did, or a year later when Helia made her début.

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LADY DALRYMPLE-CHAMPNEYS took the chair and, as always when she presides, had a most successful meeting at the Dorchester to arrange the Distinguished Visitors Dinner which is to take place at the Savoy on May 5. Princess Marie Louise, who takes a great interest in this dinner which has been organized annually for the last seven or eight years to encourage international friendship, has promised to attend and make a speech. Lady Strathalmond is deputy chairman, while others on the committee include the Dowager Duchess of Rutland, the Marchioness of Downshire, Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, Lord and Lady Stamp and Capt. and Mrs. Ronald Bowes-Lyon.

A great number of tickets were sold at the meeting and those who were not present can obtain them from Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Flat A, 114 Queen's Gate, S.W.7.

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I WENT to a very gay eve-of-the-wedding party given at Stanhope Gate by Mr. Frank Taylor, who invited friends to come and drink the health of his daughter, Miss Gillian Taylor, and Mr. Simon Kimmings, whom she was marrying next day at St. Peter's Church, Lynchmere, Surrey. The bride-to-be looked sweet in a dress of stiffened red lace and stood with Simon greeting their relatives and friends. Simon's parents, Capt. Anthony Kimmings, R.N. (retd.) and Mrs. Kimmings, stood with Mr. Taylor receiving the guests.

Among members of the family present were the bride's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and



Miss Angela Birnie with Mr. Charles Doughty and Miss Sally O'Dwyer in conversation. The party was in the Garden Room at the May Fair Hotel



The hosts, Mr. Henry Villiers and Mr. David Ashton-Bostock (right) with two of their guests, Miss Shane Newton and Miss Coila Coats from Stockholm. Many débutantes were there

Mrs. Brian Trafford—she was a maid of honour at the wedding and their two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Judy, was a bridesmaid. Simon Kimmings's grandmother, Lady Hodges, was there, also his uncles Capt. Michael Hodges, R.N., who now works in the Foreign Office, Capt. John Hodges, R.N., Mr. David and Mr. Dick Hodges and their wives. I met Miss Verena Kimmings, the bridegroom's tall and pretty sister, who was a bridesmaid next day with Miss Polly Vian and Miss Eve Pinnock, also Mr. John Allen who was best man. The two little pages, Patrick Hodges, son of Capt. and Mrs. John Hodges, and Nicholas Hawkins, were not at the party, but the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hawkins, were there.

Other personalities of the stage and screen among the guests were Dulcie Gray, Peggy Cummins and her husband Mr. Derek Dunnet, Elizabeth Allan and her husband Mr. Bill O'Bryen, Mr. Basil Dean, Mr. Stephen Mitchell and his wife, and Mrs. Alec Guinness, whose husband was working in a film and could not get away from the studios in time. Also Mr. Raimund and Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal, Mrs. Stent and her daughter Belinda, just back from St. Moritz, Lord Chelmsford who is a cousin of the bridegroom, and Mr. and Mrs. Morley Kennerly and their daughter Diana.

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COUNTESS CADOGAN, who has her eldest daughter, Lady Sarah Cadogan, coming out this year, is chairman of the Débutante Dress Show to be held at the Berkeley Hotel on May 4, with Lady Herbert as deputy chairman and the Countess of Darnley vice-chairman. This is once again being organized to raise funds for that very good cause, the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, whose activities do so much good throughout the country to alleviate the suffering of children from birth to sixteen years of age. Tickets for the dress show, which also includes tea, may be had from Countess Cadogan, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

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LADY RHYS WILLIAMS tells me that she has not only postponed the dance she was giving for her daughter, Miss Elspeth Rhys Williams, on June 20, until next summer, but has also postponed her daughter's coming-out until next season. Both Lady Rhys Williams and Elspeth suffered a very sad loss when Sir Rhys Rhys Williams died at the end of January.

## TWO BACHELORS GAVE A "THANK YOU" DANCE

A MOST enjoyable cocktail dance was recently given by Mr. Henry Villiers and Mr. David Ashton-Bostock, in return for their friends' hospitality



Mr. Garry Service was listening to Miss Caroline Vachell. There were some four hundred guests at this excellent party



Miss April Brunner, who was recovering from an accident she had while on a winter sports holiday, escorted by Mr. David Higham



The Hon. Mrs. Robin Dent, who is a daughter of Lord Pender, Mr. Biden Ashbrooke, Mrs. Biden Ashbrooke and Mr. Robin Dent were greatly enjoying the festivities at a table for four

Swaebe

## AINTREE PLANS ITS "D-DAY"

**MRS. MIRABEL TOPHAM**, who writes this article, is one of the best-known and highly respected individuals "behind the scenes" in racing. She is the principal of Tophams Ltd., owners and managers of the Aintree racecourse, where the Grand National will be run on Saturday

**A**T this time of the year Aintree comes in for an avalanche of discussion, some praising, some blaming the course that has been for over one hundred years the supreme test of horse and rider. All things work to a summit, and Aintree is the summit of steeplechasing.

Pruning the course here and there, as some suggest, would end in a general levelling down—from which the country suffers enough these days, as our lack of craftsmen shows—and if the courage and skill required to get round Aintree were to be whittled down, there could be no guarantee of fewer accidents, only a guarantee of lower merit and less hero worship.

Horses like Cloister, Manifesto, Jerry M., Sergeant Murphy, Freebooter, and many more are heroes, beloved by crowds who mention their names with affection. Admiration, it is true, is given to flat race winners as well, but seldom do they stir the same warmth of feeling: Brown Jack being an exception which might prove the rule.

**W**ERE they tougher in bygone days—the horse and rider? One looks at the record of Lottery (the first horse to win the 'Chase at Aintree in 1839) and one finds that he could probably have had many more victories, but that the Stewards of those days, having the right of refusing entries, exercised this right against him, and that when he was again allowed to run he carried 13 st. 4 lb. whilst all the others carried 12 st. Then we find George Stevens, in the latter half of the last century, completing the course on thirteen occasions without a fall and riding his mount five times to win the Grand National. It does make one wonder.

But like life in general, the pace of the 'Chase is quickening and this may make it more hazardous. Yet notwithstanding its spills and thrills, it has a record that compares not unfavourably with any other race or task of toil. Toil is a must these days. Horses like humans must earn their hay, and it is primarily racing that is saving the horse from extinction.

**I**t is unfortunate that many kind-hearted people are ignorant of the facts of racing, and how a racecourse is run, because there appear from time to time grossly misleading statements and pictures, coupled with pleas for donations to this or that society, which claim authority on a subject of which the writers obviously know little. These societies are, of course, ignored by the racing authority (a fact which seems to annoy them), and there is so much good work they could do for starving and ill-kept animals that one wonders if it is the limelight that attracts them especially to the subject of Aintree. The R.S.P.C.A., of course, are always welcome and hold a watching brief at each meeting, often assisting with ambulance work, etc.

In addition, the numerous rules that govern racing do not allow racecourse executives to have bright ideas in the wrong places, and a Clerk of the Course is a licensed official whose prime duty it is to see that these rules are

adhered to. He in turn is kept up to scratch by an Inspector of Courses who visits each racecourse from time to time. With a race of the importance of the Grand National, Aintree necessarily comes in for its full share of supervision.

The course has been altered a little over the years, but it still provides the toughest race on record. The stone wall 4 feet 8½ inches high gave place to a thorn fence over one hundred years ago, but unlike other racecourses, Aintree has retained its thorn fences ever since. Not being as pliable as birch, these are the true test of a jumper. Nonetheless, it is a formidable change, even for a good horse, to

come suddenly from park birch fences to Aintree's major jumps, and it was at the instigation of the late Lord Mildmay that a course of smaller thorn fences was instituted.

This great sportsman was anxious that on no account should the character of the Aintree fences be changed—a wish that is supported by most sportsmen, if the numerous letters received from home and abroad are any criterion.

**M**ANY seem to think racecourse executives must be millionaires. Well, over the years more than a million has been spent on Aintree, but we could and would easily spend another tomorrow if we had it. Few racing patrons ever stop to think of the enormous maintenance and responsibility a property of this kind entails. It is not the size of Aintree, it is the fact that it is used primarily for one great day in the year. Various portions of the buildings are occupied for smaller meetings, but every inch must be in A.1. condition for the onslaught of Grand National Day, when it is invaded by many thousands of excited people.

Aintree in consequence carries a large permanent staff, consisting of office, maintenance and agricultural members. The wage bill runs into several hundreds of pounds each week, and over a dozen of the men live on the estate. It may interest some to know that Aintree runs a farm in the centre of the



The Hon. Dorothy Paget's famous steeplechaser Golden Miller winning the Grand National by five lengths in 1934



Picture Post Library

At the first of all Grand Nationals, in 1839, the scene was, in many respects, the same as today, but the famous stone wall was an especially formidable obstacle

racecourse, both cattle and arable, which greatly assists in its work by providing manure for the course and hay and straw for use in the stables. (This is also done at many other country racecourses.) Aintree suffers much from being on the borders of one of the biggest cities in Britain, which is fast surrounding it. A great compensating factor, however, is that this proves a boon to patrons, who can come by train, bus or even canal, and alight at the door.

With the crowd comes money, but the gate money, by the time entertainment tax has been taken from it and the maintenance account settled, leaves little to spend on improvements. A larger figure by far is spent on betting and the Racecourse Betting Control Board takes five to six times as much as the gate money at a Grand National meeting, and more than double this ratio at other meetings. Little of this is returned to the race course executive, who have not only had all the work of preparing the meeting, but have risked the capital outlay, often to lose it. They are left to look longingly at the palatial buildings in London which are now the property of the Tote Board, and wonder how these and other luxuries really benefit the racing patron more than would money spent in stakes and amenities on the racecourse.

**I**N all other countries, including Ireland, the racing patron is better catered for because the racecourse executives, under proper supervision, are responsible for the running of the Tote on their courses, and all money spent by the public is used to enhance the amenities and improve the facilities required by the racing patron, and to provide owners and trainers with handsome stakes. Not unnaturally, this is a sore point with Aintree, as it watches its rapidly rising cost of maintenance on the largest racecourse in the country. An ironical joke with us is a contract dated 1870 between the late E. W. Topham and one Geo. Smith, who undertook all maintenance of the racecourse for £170 per annum, e.g. to make good and paint the grandstands, cut the course and trim fences, etc. This he was pleased and proud to do for several years.

Much later at the age of eighty odd he was motored around the racecourse and he just could not recognize it nor could he get his bearings. The buildings had altered and grown; judge's box, observation box, semaphores, all were innovations since his time—and running rails, miles of them. Only a very few had been there in his day. The one thing he recognized was the Old Chair. This historic landmark still remains much the same as it was when first put up in the good old days, as an observation post where the timekeeper sat and made his records. It now gives its name to No. 15 Fence which is known as the Chair Jump, considered by many riders to be the most difficult obstacle in the 'Chase, surpassing even Bechers, the Canal Turn, etc.

**T**HE running rails outline the various courses—the Grand National and the Mildmay, which are Steeplechase; the Cup, the Five Furlong and the Gallop course, which are flat. This last is now under consideration as a Hurdle course in order to save the Cup course, which suffers from being adapted and used for hurdling from time to time.

In the days when steeplechase fences were natural obstacles, less exacting maintenance work was necessary, but now that they are constructed from ground level a highly skilled and experienced permanent staff is needed to build and dress them. To make these implacable fences, sixty tons of thorn are required annually. All the fences are now well covered with spruce, fir or gorse; a process which is known as "Dressing the Jumps." This is not as easy as it sounds and is a slow business.

At the moment of writing there is much anxiety on account of the weather. Not only is snow lying eight to twelve inches deep on the course, but up in the woods some miles away it is not possible to lop and load the material that is required for the dressing. Doubtless we shall be ready in time, somehow. Something or other usually demands that everyone works at fever heat just prior to a "National." With butter at the price it is today, let us hope that the expedient of the 1901 Grand National will not again be necessary, when a trainer put butter in his horses' hoofs to stop them collecting pads of snow!

Probably the largest system of intercommunication on any racecourse connects course officials with every steeplechase jump; with the hospital and veterinary services; with the four stable yards comprising 274 stables; with police control points; and with race-card kiosks.

Sixteen miles of cable and two hundred telephones are in use on race days. The public address system, using 150 loud-speakers, distributes official information from microphones in the judge's box or the weighing room to all enclosures and most of the luncheon rooms and snack bars.

The large Post Office under Tattersall's Stand is perhaps better known to the press than the racing public. It handles an average of four thousand telegrams, including many pages of press matter, during the Grand National meeting, and was earmarked by the War Department as an emergency G.P.O. centre in case the Liverpool services were disrupted by enemy action.

**M**ORE than one thousand police, both uniformed and detective, drawn from all parts of the county, are engaged by the executive for racecourse duties at the Grand National meeting. Added to this, many extra staff are required for traffic controls for miles around, and it will be seen that the Lancashire Constabulary have a phenomenal task on Grand National days, especially on the occasion of Royal visits. Road traffic in the immediate vicinity of the racecourse is controlled from the air, and the arrangements are renowned as a standard of traffic control efficiency; in fact police observers come from Commonwealth, Colonial and foreign countries to study control methods used here. The City of Liverpool police are also out in full force organizing the smooth flow of traffic to and from the city, and it is true to say that all roads lead to the racecourse on Grand National day.

Aintree Racecourse has, indeed, been built up over the years as the worthy frame within which the great heroes and heroines of the racing world match their skill and courage in an endeavour to win the Blue Riband of Steeplechasing.

# Roundabout

**Paul Holt**



IT was always being dinned into me when a small boy that to travel is better than to arrive. I didn't believe a word of it. Travelling, to the very young, is a decided nuisance, for it holds up the great adventure that lies at the end of the journey, and when you are all of nine or ten, or even eleven, there is so very little time left to spare.

But now, I don't know.

I once went to Russia by the Arctic route, saw Bear Island and the Northern Lights that whipped the frozen night sky, and it was all so exciting that it seemed plain humdrum when I got to Moscow, even though the German Fifth Army was knocking at the gates.

We had a spy on board. He was a taciturn little man with one wall eye and we first decided he was a spy when it became obvious that, although he would accept a drink, he never offered one back. This made us suspicious and we were right.

FOR every night when the convoy scattered a signal in code would come from the commodore, and the master of our vessel would mark on his map the dawn rendezvous point.

When the master, a jolly, uxorious Welshman, had retired to his cabin, little Wall Eye would creep up to the bridge, which was pantomime eerie with one green light and the roaring wind, to look at the chart.

Little did he know that it was a false chart he was looking at, with the rendezvous point pencilled in just wrongly enough, but not too wildly out to make him suspicious.

I saw him often later in Moscow and in Kuibishev, but he didn't seem to be happy to me, and the Russians never talked to him or asked him to their parties. He had come from the East and was representing the interests of an ally in the U.S.S.R., which I should think was a tricky thing for one of his character to be doing in those harsh days.

I enjoyed that sea crossing more than most, for nobody had told me that the Germans were massing a murderous attack on our convoys and so I slept like a babe each night and ate up hearty.

It wasn't quite so funny coming out of Russia.

The Russians don't seem to like people leaving their land. They take it personally. And so it was a great struggle for me to get away from grey Moscow. At last the U.S. Ambassador helped; he gave me a seat in his plane. And that was when the fun started.

For the Russians would only allow the U.S.A. to fly its own aircraft out if they had their own navigator. And a U.S. Air Force pilot and a Red Army navigator are not always heavenly chums.

WE got to Astrakhan peacefully and flew south across the Caspian Sea, which looks like soapsuds—all flaky—from the air, and then along the coast to Baku, where the mountains are so jutting and forbidding they say sabre-toothed tigers still roam there. And then we headed south again for Teheran and the Russian navigator lost his head.

He would not tell the pilot where he was and this made the pilot strung up and irritated.



It was a lovely flight, though bumpy and fussy, but the American had to grope his way through the mountains of North Persia and we were frequently below the peaks and looking around corners for our way to the warm plain. The warm plain is many thousands of feet above sea level, but it was warm and plain indeed by the time we reached it after those mountains.

When we landed, the pilot ran the aircraft off the runway, got out and hit the Russian navigator smartly on the nose. It was, I suppose, the start of the cold war.

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TEHERAN was also, I am sure, the scene of the most peaceful episode of war I have known. The Duke of Gloucester flew there to inspect a guard of the Red Army, the only member of the Royal Family to be given this duty during the war.

All the way north the Duke sat in his seat reading a novel by Dornford Yates. As the plane landed the Duke put a bookmarker in his Yates, descended, walked along the tarmac, inspected the smart, green tunic-ed Soviet guard (probably Young Communists, the Soviet equivalent of the Brigade of Guards) did his devoirs and got back into his plane. Then he opened his Dornford Yates and began reading again.

I have never seen a duty better done.

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NOW to travel, where? To Marrakesh, where the sun will warm your back, or to Copenhagen, where the women will warm your heart?

The end of March is the restless time and I am restless for Venice.

There are two ways to go there. You can go up the Rhine and down through the Dolomites, or you can nip over smartly by air to Milan and turn left by train. Each way is delightful.

I think one of the most beautiful sights in the world is Mont Blanc from the air. It is white, crusty and gay, like a wedding cake that went wrong, and the sense of power and pleasure you get by looking

## ALTERNATIVE

Receptive to the "sunshine" lure  
 Of leaflet, booklet and brochure  
 Which travel agents seasonally  
 To prise us from our currency  
 Devise, we—drugged—can drift away,  
 Cajoled by copy, to Cathay,  
 To Samarkand, to isles of spice,  
 To (quote) "a sun-drenched paradise,"  
 To golden birds and singing trees  
 In some sweet far Hesperides—  
 So warm the word's reflected glow  
 We don't take tickets out and go.

—JEAN STANGER

• • •  
 down on this famous mountain is considerable.

Venice itself has three different centuries. There is the happy, secret part with no traffic that lies between St. Mark's Square, where the great campanile fell down in 1906 and killed nobody (which shows what a sunny city it is), and Shakespeare's Rialto, where the lighted boats go by with singing and guitars and the seafood—scampis, baby octopus—make a perfect complement to *proscuitto* with pears.

Then there is a touch of Cowes and a touch of Margate, out towards the Lido.

My happiest night there was the night of the thunderstorm.

We were sitting innocently in a field, eating baby larks and drinking a watery white wine. There was a wonderful German with a golden toupee and three daughters opposite, and baby larks on toast were his dish. His daughters ran a relay race to him with platefuls, while the thunder growled and the sky broke into a torrent. It was interesting to notice how the German went on eating, while the British stopped eating but would not be seen leaving for shelter until all the other nations had left.

We walked, soaked, to the Excelsior hotel and stood around in puddles, drinking brandy. The women's evening dresses began to shrink alarmingly and the German arrived with a leather cushion, upon which he had been sitting, held over his head by an elder daughter.

THEN a tragedy happened. A small Italian film star, a cheerful young woman named Brunella Bovo, arrived sopping to announce that she had driven her new motor-car into a canal. She had had it in reverse.

But everybody ignored her, for we were just as wet as she, and the sight of this dripping sylph in the bar was not unusual.

The fire brigade, with a good deal of laughter, got her car out of the canal the next day.

Anything, I think, can happen in Venice and it is a splendid thing for the unexpected to happen in beautiful surroundings.



THE BOAT RIVALS. Jim (J. A.) Gobbo (right) is one of four Australians who rowed in last year's winning Oxford boat and will be there again on Saturday. Educated at Xavier and Melbourne University, he is reading law at Magdalen College, Oxford, and counts gastronomy, music, and bird watching amongst his hobbies. It may be an indication of Oxford's strong position that last year Gobbo rowed number three and this year is at bow. Denis (D. K.) Hill was Captain of Boats at Shrewsbury, before going up to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he reads estate management. He too rowed number three last year, and occupied the same position this year until he succumbed to chicken pox. He will be back to lend moral support and generalship to his crew on boat race day, but has to face bitter disappointments of being out of the boat. Cambridge have the heaviest crew ever, averaging over thirteen stone. Oxford, averaging nearly ten pounds lighter, counter with a muster of six old blues. The critics fancy Oxford, but Cambridge supporters remain undismayed.



MME. DIMITRI BOUBOULIS at her beautiful home in the avenue President Wilson. She was formerly Donna Gabriella Marcello, daughter of Count and Countess Andrea Marcello of Venice. Her husband comes from a distinguished Greek family who own the famous Louis XVI hunting lodge of Boulais. M. and Madame Bouboulis have one daughter, aged three

F. J. Goodman

### Priscilla in Paris

## Sporting column

FRANCE's political personages are going all sporty! This is not an allusion to any rough stuff such as the catch-as-catch-can scrambles—no holds barred—that sometimes have taken place on the floor of the Assemblée Nationale. No, no, indeed. This is written without *arrière pensée*, merely referring to the pastime that Paris calls *le spor* (the “t” being silent as in golf).

Tennis men of the Assembly and Air Force met this week, at the Pierre-Coubertin stadium, in a mighty but friendly combat for which the prize was a Sèvres vase given by Président René Coty. I was dragged to the affair by a couple of young fans who evidently expected a rather one-sided contest and I was amused at their surprise on finding that the Air Force did not enjoy the easy walkover on which they counted.

YOUNG Minister Bourgès-Maunoury (Interior) and ex-Minister Chaban-Delmas (Public Works) both wield a wily as well as a powerful racquet. They are, also, personable lads, wear their clothes well and have the film-star knack of appearing sublimely unconscious of the camera. Bourgès-Maunoury touched the apex of popularity when he

downed his soft drink, straight from the bottle, like any simple, thirsty Jean, Pierre or Henri!

At the Humez-Langlois boxing match the *service d'ordre* had to make special parking reservations for the many “official” cars in which the governmental highlights rode up to the door. The poor, ordinary white trash that milled around trying to find room within walking distance of the hall is thinking of buying itself a chauffeur's cap, complete with tricolour rosette, and then seeing what happens.

THE interior of the huge, ugly, sombre Vel d'Hiv was crowded. Human flies from the top gallery even managed to crawl out on the iron girders of the roof. Very grandly the authorities try to rename the old velodrome “Palais des Sports” (“t” still unpronounced), but Vel d'Hiv it will always remain so long as ice-shows, boxing and hockey matches, “jumping,” Harlem basketers and six-day bicycle races endure.

Its dark immensity terrifies me. Terrifying also are the faces that stare up from the ring-side seats. Mme. Simone Berriau's clenched jaw and glistening eyes had somewhat altered her usually pleasant features; Maurice Chevalier was biting hard on that protuberant lower lip of his that is such a help to the

caricaturists; “Toto” Barreyre's kindly face looked grim; Mme. Sandrin's taut expression and pallid cheeks made observers hope that someone would remove her in time. . . .

I found salvation in catching Georges Carpentier's eye. His poker face relaxed in a friendly grin and I got what I might call my second wind. I was lucky! Before I lost it again the referee had stopped the fight.

FOR a few days following I found I had an urge towards vegetarianism, but the Lucullan party that celebrated the re-opening of the famous Tour d'Argent restaurant made me change my mind. I hardly imagine that this is the first time since its foundation—373 years ago—that the Tour d'Argent has been redecorated! Under Claude Terrail's reign, however, it is the first time the fact becomes a spectacular Event, that the Church of Notre Dame, on the opposite bank of the Seine, was flood-lit for the occasion and that the local snapshot lads were able to admire the technique of a famous camera nobleman from London, who was present incognito.

Also present were a number of those clever people whose names are mentioned without handles. Marie-Louise Bousquet (fondly called *la petite Bousquette*, who has the wittiest tongue in Paris), Louise de Vilmorin, Marie-Laure de Noailles, Olivia de Havilland, Don, Marcel Pagnol, Pierre Daninos (now known as “Major Thompson”), Jane Gould-Minot, André de Fouquières, and—but he must be given his rank—Marshal Juin, rubicund and beaming, as merry as a merry drummer boy!

NEEDLESS to say, Jean Cocteau simply romped into the immortality that the Académie Française ensures and everyone is delighted. He will look so well in the green-embroidered dress suit, feathered unicorn and gold clasped cloak. His friends are wondering to whom they will entrust the designing of the presentation sword that goes with it and that they will present to him with all due ceremonial when—to use the usual cliché—he “takes his place under the cupola!”

Cocteau's own extremely pleasant, but tiny, flat in the Palais Royale, where he was Colette's neighbour, was too small for the party that took place after his election. It would also have upset his beloved Siamese cats and his no less beloved Madeleine. Cats and Abigail were left to cope with the visitors and direct them to Mme. Weisweiller's palatial abode in the Place des Etats Unis where the reception was held. Invitations were hastily telephoned around. Judging from the temperature of the champagne and perfection of the caviare canapés, the poet's charming hostess had not been caught napping.

### Que diable...?

France Roche tells us that, when questioned about her master, Cocteau's Abigail replied: “To me, he is something like le bon Dieu, only better!”





Michael Dunne

*In her lovely home  
near the Foro Romano*

**MRS. PETER MOORE**

**M**RS. PETER MOORE is the daughter of Mrs. Bertha Hayes and the late Mr. Cyril Hayes, of Rome and London, and wife of Major Peter Moore the film producer. She is seen in the drawing-room of her Roman home which looks out on to that vast piece of land containing most of the old part of the city. The portrait of her over the fireplace is by Count Uberto Pallastrelli di Celleri, the distinguished Italian artist. Mrs. Moore is a keen horsewoman and hunts with the Roman Foxhounds



*The fondest ambition  
of many holidaymakers*

**LEGENDARY VENICE**

**T**HIS city of more than a hundred islands has no rival with which to compare its palaces and churches that, like embroideries in stone, are miraculously suspended over the water. Down the years Venice (of whose lambent spell John Pudney writes opposite) has accumulated a precious sediment of riches, and still keeps easy pace with the centuries, Titian and Veronese being now succeeded by the annual Film Festival, and Venetian glass being as famous an industry today as it was in the Renaissance. From this photograph, showing across the water the Ca' d'Oro, now the home of the Frachetti Galleries, it can be seen why Goethe called the Grand Canal, "the most beautiful street in the world"

# "... LIKE THE BACK OF MY HAND"

**JOHN PUDNEY**, author of this article, is a poet and novelist of high distinction. He is also, in his own words, "an experienced, unreluctant and unrepentant traveller." Some of the results of his journeyings were displayed in his last book, "The Smallest Room," and he has also written a biography of Thomas Cook, who did so much to smooth the path of the traveller

"**V**ENICE," said the Editor. "Why not write about that? You know it like the back of your hand...."

Should I tell him, I wondered, the *thing* I have about Venice? But would it not be altogether too complicated to explain? In the end I murmured weakly, apologetically, that I did not know Venice. The editorial eyebrows went up. It was like admitting that the club tie you were wearing was rather like that of a famous seat of learning but actually was issued by the local tennis club. It was like being in Chelsea and owning up to the fact that you had been in Antibes without seeing the Picasso ceramics.

It was even reminiscent of Paris last week when I stayed at the very cosy little Pension George V. in rue Washington, and observed first puzzled, then deprecatory, smiles when I gave my address, and it dawned on people that I was not enjoying the plush of the late Ernie Bevin's favourite pull-up, the Hotel George V.

The Editor of this journal, however, did not actually say that I was not really civilised because I had not been to Venice, but I realised that my only hope would be to write the *thing* I have about Venice.

**M**Y mother never went there either. So my earliest recollections on the subject of foreign travel were the dreams of Venice shared with her. My aunt Ethel, her elder sister, seemed to us all to be the very epitome of sophistication. She had not only travelled to Venice, but had taken her paintbox. Her portrayal of the Bridge of Sighs hung in a place of honour in our home. As a work of art, it was somewhat pallid. Nevertheless, it fired my imagination with dreams of a golden city with streets of sparkling silver water.

As soon as I could read the classics, I naturally turned to *The Merchant of Venice*, and was profoundly disappointed that Portia should refer to "gentle rain from heaven" and say nothing about her gondola. I blamed Shakespeare greatly for not having set the whole thing on water like one of the glamorous ice shows taken by the next generation, my own children, as a matter of course. *The Gondoliers*, by Gilbert and Sullivan, became my first target in the world of light entertainment, but also fell short of the Venice of my dreams. Nevertheless, there was always the comfort that it would be a perfectly simple matter to go to Venice when one grew up.

The first trouble, of course, was money. I satisfied my first wanderlust with a journey up the Rhine for £6 10s. I drank the wine of Rudesheim. I mounted the ramparts of

Ehrenbreitstein. I caroled my way round the Lorelei, wedged among the steamer passengers who sweated with sentiment and put peeled peaches into their wine goblets. I followed this by an adventure, costing a saved-up fiver, in Paris in the spring. Then I did Bruges, rather daringly, one Christmas, and felt hurt that the travel literature described it as "a little Venice."

A longer purse took me hitch-hiking through Bavaria and the Austrian Tyrol, with a set determination to end up in Venice. But that time, as might be expected, I ended up in Vienna. Travel during those years was lighthearted, wonderfully disorganised and, with a rucksack as luggage, ridiculously cheap. For Venice I thought there was plenty of time.

**B**UT I reckoned without Mussolini and my own Political Phase. This began with a trip along the Costa Brava on £12, where the sunshine was suddenly shattered by the fierce stridency of the Spanish Civil War. I was not the only aspiring writer whose suntan turned to a rash of political conscience—and of course a cornerstone of the new political mood I entered was detestation of Mussolini. Normally speaking, one did not have to love Mussolini in order to see Venice. It was simply part of the confusion of those days that determined me, and I suspect thousands of other idealists, that one should not set foot on Italian soil while the wicked Mussolini reigned.

Then came war and extended, bewildering, unpremeditated and often reluctant travel. It included a taste of hooch in the endless purple twilight of Reykjavik, of salmon steak for breakfast in Labrador, of conch meat in the West Indies, of turtle flesh on Ascension Island. It included a whiff of

the interior of the Pyramids, of the Dalmatian Caves where the Yugoslavs hid their wounded, of the abandoned cheese factory at Isigny, where the lovely stuff ripened and rotted in defiant solitude. We entered the realm of Mussolini, of course. We were bogged down in tents in Sicily; then on the toe, the instep, the heel and the calf of Italy. The war clouds lifted. Somebody suggested a pleasure leave to Venice, but when we thumbed an airlift, the aircraft took us instead to the glorious confusion of Athens.

**T**HE first holidays of the post-war years were anxious family affairs. Venice was suddenly a long way off again. There were occasional jobs for a writer to do in foreign parts, in the Bahamas, in Malta, in New York, and even in Beirut. Friends went on honeymoon to Venice, but we did not qualify. We dabbled a little in films, having found that all film people went to Venice sooner or later to kiss each other's work: but no film of ours ever ended up in Venice. There was once a suggestion that we should go there at our own expense for a literary and cultural conference, but that invitation came at a time when we had just got out of the Cultural Phase and had an inkling that we were just hacks, even though we had read *Death in Venice*, by Thomas Mann.

During the last half decade, the *thing* about Venice has ripened and matured. I wonder if I want to go there at all. I wonder if it could ever live up to that early dream of a golden city floating upon silver water. I wonder if its enchantment could ever repay the disappointments, lost chances and illusions which have kept me away? Suppose, instead, I resolve now to comfort my later years by gloating that I am the only traveller who has never been to Venice, like the lost soul I met in the Crillon Bar who had never been up in an aeroplane.

**I**N the spring of each year, the instinct to wander returns as I leave the seed catalogues for the travel brochures. They write a lot about Venice. I read it all. The travellers I encounter speak of Venice. I listen greedily. Last year at the summit of Mount Hymettus I met a German lady whose praise of Venice was only (and mercifully) stilled when she encountered a snake. An American priest I met last July in Bethlehem told me of a good hotel in Venice, and I found myself saying that I knew it already.

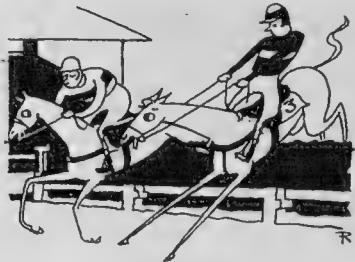
What I know about Venice would provide you with the fullest and most flamboyant travel brochure you ever saw. I know the place like the back of my hand. But I have a pretty strong conviction, now, that the back of my hand will never know Venice.





## FAMOUS VICTORY FOR GAY DONALD

THE Gold Cup at Cheltenham was run this year in the coldest weather the famous meeting has known for years. The winner, Gay Donald (Tony Grantham up), a 33 to 1 outsider, trained by J. Ford, is seen being led in after the race, by Mrs. A. Burt, sister-in-law of the owner



### At The Races

## Guessing game

THOUGH we have not yet said good-bye to the sadly hampered jumping season, some forward-looking people are already giving us their ideas about what should happen in this year's great classics, and some of the really brave are even venturing to put a name to some early-on possibles! This is always a fascinating pastime, but, equally, always a rather dangerous one in a game in which luck plays such a tremendous part.

Napoleon said that he always preferred a lucky general to a good one; and how right he was! Few things can be accomplished without a bit of good fortune, and racing is very like war!

For instance, thousands of yearlings are sold annually, most of them impeccably bred, and almost all the breeders and purchasers are convinced they have got the brightest star in the firmament; yet, look what happens! Out of the entries for the Derby, say, at a venture, 150, there is only one, perhaps two, really top-class animals in the whole lot. If there is an explanation, what is it?

After such a winter as we have had the uncertainty is quite likely to be more of a shaking quicksand than ever. Some animals come to hand on very little work, but usually they are the exception rather than the rule, and this is particularly true of those bound upon long voyages, such, for instance, as the Grand National, or any of the early-on flat-race events.

THE longer we live, the more fully we come to the knowledge of how much better and safer it is to ride our own line, whether in a race or out hunting, or even in the ordinary avocations of this vastly troublesome journey called life. The chap who crosses someone else is just as likely to get into a bit of a pickle as the man or woman who is crossed. If we are crossed in a race the Stewards will come to our rescue, and punish the offender by depriving him of the race or taking away his licence (or permit) to ride. If otherwise, he will naturally escape the penalty because there are no hard-and-fast rules which govern things that happen out hunting, except good manners, plus the consideration of personal safety; in other words, self-preservation.

A fall with only one horse usually gives most people something to think about; a fall which involves more than one is a lot more serious, and can quite easily make work for a whole flock of surgeons. But the person who will not ride his own line is usually either a coward or a rogue, sometimes a bit of both. Frequently it is just someone who wants to show off without any thought whatever for anyone else. One never knows quite how dangerous it may be to compel one of the other competitors suddenly to alter course. Jumping in someone's pocket is quite liable to be attended by equally dire results.

I suppose everybody has heard that story about Fred Archer's retort after being damned into little heaps for jumping on someone out hunting? "Why, I gave you a length-and-a-half!" It is nothing like enough.

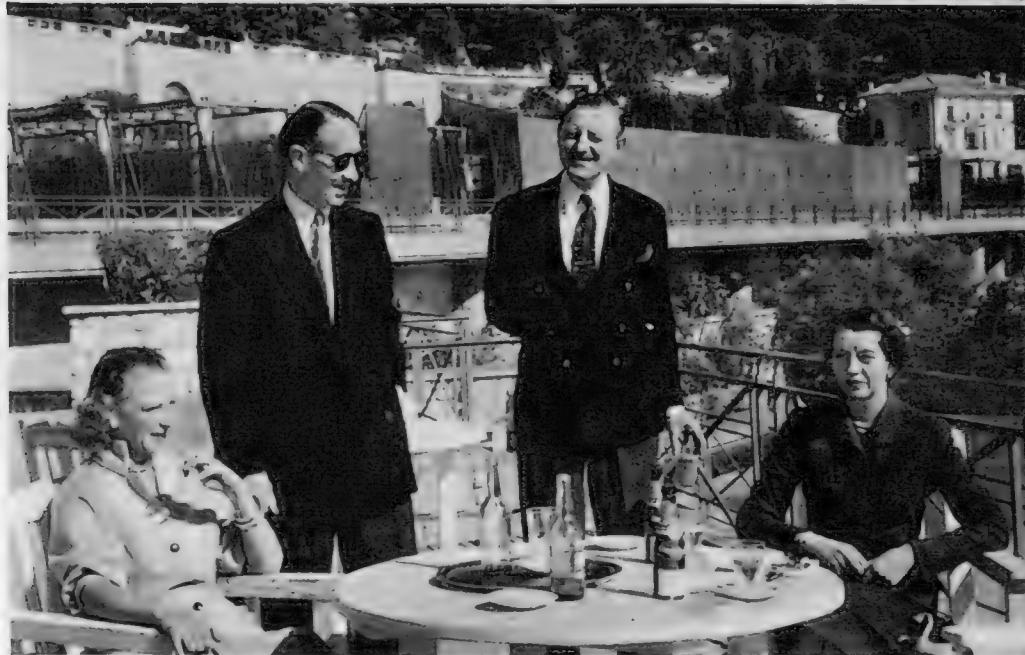
—Sabretache



Mr. George Faber, Baroness von der Lippe and Mr. Gordon Wolsey were among the interested spectators who also enjoyed the good luncheon



Mrs. Lindsay Fynn and Mrs. E. D. Andrews were here with Mr. Colin Hannam, who played with Mr. Tony Mottram in the British team



Mme. Pierre Fourcaud, Lord Ronaldshay, who played in the British team, Mr. William Langdon and Mrs. R. Hudson were a party of four on the terrace



Mr. B. Lindsay Fynn listened to Mrs. Ernest Wittman explaining the ingredients of "champagne cup"



Monsieur G. Medecin, of the Monte Carlo team, was talking to Mrs. E. C. Peters and Mr. E. C. Peters, a British player

## A TENNIS MATCH AT MONTE CARLO

A DELIGHTFUL luncheon was given on the sun terrace of the Monte Carlo Country Club to celebrate the tennis match between members of the Club and those of the International Lawn Tennis Club of Great Britain, which resulted in a victory for this country

## At the Theatre

# Revolt against brashness

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

THE new mood in the light musical theatre is for innocent gaiety put across with a disarming air of amateur high spirits. *Salad Days* successfully established this mood, and it is wooed afresh by *The Burning Boat*, at the Royal Court. The lyrics of Mr. Nicholas Phipps, the music of Mr. Geoffrey Wright and the settings of Mr. Hugh Casson combine happily to create the required manner of inspired simplicity. So the new piece is everything that an American musical is not.

It is quiet, casual and wholly unsophisticated; less a musical play than a collection of songs threaded on an unobtrusive thread of genteel romance; softly humorous, softly sentimental, seeming to offer practically nothing, yet pervaded by a quiet, endearing charm.

A FAMOUS violinist comes to a music festival in a quiet seaside town. He finds himself drawn to a local lady married to a good chap who drinks a lot of gin and thinks more of his boat than of his wife. The violinist is a perfect gentleman; the wife a perfect lady.

Feeling the tide of passion rising within

them they both do their best to survive against it, each having the use of the same song with a surging rhythm. When they can go on swimming no longer they come together in the duet "Now I Know." There is really nothing to mar their joy, for they both agree that the husband can solace himself with his beloved boat.

B UR the boat gets burned, and without his boat and without his wife the husband will obviously be at the mercy of the demon gin. So what can a perfect lady do but bid her lover go on his way; and what can a perfect gentleman do but applaud the lady's right-mindedness and go on with his world tours, knowing that he will play all the better for having loved and lost.

It is easy to make fun of this little romance, with its somewhat suburban view of passion, but it is well enough in its context. The wonder is not that such respectable people should in the end put the proprieties before love, but that they should ever have let each other know that they had fallen in love at all. That they do in fact achieve a frank declaration of love makes their story sufficiently romantic for the needs of the piece. Hero and heroine are most sympathetically sung by

Mr. Bruce Trent and Miss Marion Grimaldi, and the songs would be well worth hearing even if they were not linked to a romantic narrative of sorts.

M R. MICHAEL GOUGH has no songs to sing, and naturally he introduces into the character of the husband undertones suggesting a mysteriously wasted life which have little or no warrant from the text.

Miss Marie Ney is in a similar but lesser quandary. She is the radiant lady who is the life and soul of the musical festival. She sings once or twice with pleasant effect, but the real importance of the part is that it is she who makes it her business to suggest to the husband that he is inclined to take his wife too much for granted.

If she had not given this well-meaning advice the husband would not have lost his boat and would have lost his wife. Miss Ney uses all her art to conceal the significance of the part and the lady remains radiantly unconscious of ever having done harm till the end.

But there is no call to make heavy weather about the plot and its possible deficiencies. The authors are engaged for most of the evening in producing a light, good-humoured impression of what happens in a quiet little town which is over-taxing its organising powers in putting on an ambitious festival. One song will put the point of view of local youth which prefers the darkened cinema to the lighted concert hall. Another will celebrate the quietness of that part of the world and the intense respectability of its inhabitants.

Y ET another, the liveliest of all the humorous pieces, must insist that a girl ought to look like a girl and not like a lath, a pole or a poodle. Something is due to the sea and to the plot and Mr. David Rees, as a local mariner, is there to recall thunderously the legend of Tormouth's burning boat. And when we have almost forgotten the festival, Mr. Don Williams stresses the strain of organising one in an ingenious piece of patter.

The Twelve-Tone Tune had earlier suggested that the authors had a particular musical festival in mind and were going to satirize it. Second and less exciting thoughts prevailed, and the piece remains a quite taking display of innocent gaiety and high spirits designed to meet the present taste for a return to the simplicities.



L.T. FOSTER WARREN, U.S.A.F. (Michael O'Connor), takes several acts to make up his mind about Frances Coleridge (Diane Todd), niece of the lady of the manor, and a young woman who knows exactly what she wants



JANE MANSON (Marion Grimaldi) is carried away by the charm and sincerity of the visiting violinist, Leo Hartmann (Bruce Trent), while the thoughts of her temperamental husband, Peter Manson (Michael Gough), are with his boat



Paul Tanqueray

## MISS TUTIN TO BE JOAN OF ARC

THE theory that tragic roles may best be filled by happy people is one to which the career of Dorothy Tutin, one of our most distinguished and naturally gay young actresses, lends some weight. Having taken the town as the anguished heroine of *The Living Room*, she is to play Joan of Arc in Jean Anouilh's *The Lark*, translated by Christopher Fry and produced by Peter Brook. It starts a provincial tour at Manchester next Monday, and comes to the Lyric, Hammersmith, early in May

## London Limelight

### Blast of hot air from France

Two examples of what might be called the "Emperor's Clothes" (French division) school are now on view at the Arts. They are *The Lesson*, a curtain-raiser by Eugene Ionescu, and *Sacrifice to the Wind*, a one-act drama by André Obey, done into English speaking by our own Empire Lightweight and white-hope, Mr. John Whiting.

In melancholy retrospect it is difficult to underestimate the case for the prosecution, which is that this is an evening of pretentious balderdash. *The Lesson*, if I read aright, is the story of an aged cretin posing as a tutor, making amorous advances to a virginal nincompoop, finally killing her with an invisible knife. The joke (I think) is that he made a regular practice of this witty enterprise.

*Sacrifice* takes us to the Trojan wars and tells the story of Iphigenia in terms of superstitious regular soldiers, as seen by sophisticates throughout the ages. Shakespeare, Shaw and Drinkwater are already

of the company who have had a bash at this well-glued coconut, and M. Obey's story has no especial deftness to make it remarkable.

A sad evening: among many young hopefuls in the audience I suspected that the Emperor had no clothes on at all.

A WEEK's bill, twice nightly, at the Chelsea Palace recently contained *The Sign of the Cross*, *East Lynne*, and a contemporary melodrama entitled *Only Mugs Carry Guns*. Patrons enjoyed their moneys-worth from an old-fashioned, hard-working fit-up enterprise headed by J. Grant Anderson, the senior expert now in this business. Among the company was a young man who played Glabrio (an old drunkard), Richard

Hare (a hero) and Ernie Finch (a Teddy boy), and accomplished all three with equal aplomb.

His name is Mark Kingston and his history is that he began prize fighting at the age of five and gave it up at eighteen. He was then, despite parental disapproval, a drama student at L.A.M.D.A., and, indeed, paid his fees by raffling to fellow students the proceeds of his boxing winnings. For *Only Mugs* he has borrowed the smart Edwardian clothing of his younger brother.

It will be seen that his story reaches a natural peak of popular appeal. What makes it better than an ephemeral headline wonder is that Mr. Kingston is really a very able young actor whom I feel certain we shall hear of again in his own right, trying vainly to conceal the melodrama of his own career.



Ulysses (Rupert Davies), Agamemnon (Andrew Cruickshank) and Menelaus (John van Eyssen) discuss the futility of war in *Sacrifice to the Wind*

THE Italian Opera company now at the Stoll are temporarily filling the gap left by the old Carl Rosa folk. That is to say, they sing robustly, without artifice or help from lighting experts or producers, a series of well-worn favourites. Visitors will find the same honest-to-goodness lusty zeal in most Italian provincial cities if they are lucky. It defies criticism, for if this is your particular glass of Chianti improvement is nonsensical, but the stranger should be warned that this is a wine which never sits so well on the palate as it does within a mile or so of the vineyard.

—Youngman Carter

## At the Pictures

# Miss Kelly's ordeal

THESE are two ways of looking at *The Country Girl*. One is to take it as an exercise in seeing how dowdy they can make Grace Kelly. The other is to regard it as an intelligent and well-acted picture, which it is. From both points of view it is worth seeing.

First, Miss Kelly. If anyone has freshness, beauty and glamour it is she. But, as every child knows, you cannot be rated a serious actress to-day without dirtying your face and riding backwards on a donkey. So with sadistic thoroughness the producers of this film try to make out that our lovely Grace is a graceless slattern. Without benefit of CinemaScope or Technicolor, there she is on the old-fashioned grey box of a screen, dressed like an old tea-cosy, with a voice like a fret-saw, as miserable as sin.

AND the things she says! She calls her husband "a cunning drunk" and, would you believe it, that just about sums up her co-star, none other than Bing Crosby, who mooches around as a bleary drunk with a toupee.

Of course, they put a decent gown on the girl at the end and pull Bing together. You cannot totally deglamorise Miss Kelly, as the producers knew all the time, clever chaps. All the same, it is interesting to note this trend in America at a time our native stars are being fired at for being careless of glamour on and off screen.

The intelligence comes from the fact that the film is based on Clifford Odets' play *Winter Journey*. This is the story of an actor who loses confidence in himself, takes to drink, and is rehabilitated by the devotion of his long-suffering wife. The theme fits in with Hollywood's current crusade against the bottle.

BING, of course, can sing. So the actor becomes a crooner. Little is lost, for quite effective dramatic use is made of his songs.

The good acting comes from Grace Kelly and William Holden, with Bing Crosby a good third. It is quite distinguished. Holden is excellent as the harassed Broadway director who engages the broken-down Crosby for the lead in a musical comedy. Everyone seems against the idea from the backer to Crosby and the sharp-tongued Kelly.

For Crosby is a problem. He won't learn his lines and, to get a drink, laces his cough-mixture with alcohol. Crosby's excuse to Holden is that his possessive wife nags him and destroys his self-confidence. His excuse to himself is that he lost his nerve when his small son died in a street accident through his carelessness. Neither excuse is valid—as only Miss Kelly knows. And Mr. Holden and Miss Kelly give us a course in rather complicated psycho-analysis

before the truth and sobriety finally prevail.

Meanwhile, Holden, having delivered himself of the line, "Women start as Juliet and finish as Lady Macbeth," sets out to free Crosby from the incubus of Miss Kelly. The battle for Bing between them is acted out with rare force.

The picture is well above average, and establishes that Crosby is more than just a crooner and Miss Kelly more than a clothes-horse. Q.E.D.

ON view in *Bad Day at Black Rock* is a first-class display of the filmic art of creating and maintaining tension out of next-to-nothing. It is a grown-up Western. If the director, John Sturges, had employed all this technical skill on a more profound subject it would have been a really outstanding film. Even as it is, there can be no complaints.

From the moment Spencer Tracy, a one-armed ex-soldier, steps from the train at Black Rock, a desert train halt in the West which no stranger has visited for four years, we know there is something sinister in his errand.

But what? We are in fascinated suspense throughout. Why are the inhabitants so unfriendly? Why can't he get a room, hire a car, or even get civility? Tracy, as you know, has been at home in this kind of situation for years now. However tough Robert Ryan and his henchmen get, Tracy is one jump ahead—but only just.

The threatening atmosphere is aided by laconic, non-informative dialogue. Only twice does violence break out, and then Tracy gives a classic demonstration of unarmed combat. I will not spoil things for you by saying more.

FOR your fun this week there is *As Long as They're Happy*. It is a typical British domestic farce in the full meaning of those frightening words.

The film is taken from Jack Buchanan's musical comedy about the staid stock-broker, whose suburban peace is shattered by his three daughters and their extraordinary male followers, a crooner, a cowboy and an Existentialist. The fun is laid on with a trowel.

There is a wealth of talent and beauty. Jack Buchanan, Janette Scott, Jean Carson, Brenda de Banzie, Susan Stephen and Jerry Wayne. There are, also in addition, "guest stars"—Diana Dors, Gilbert Harding and Norman Wisdom. The presence of "guest stars" usually makes me uneasy. And my fears were realised.

Despite the engaging performances of all, particularly Jack Buchanan and Jean Carson, this farce would have been better left on the stage. Somehow what is uproarious fun in the theatre becomes just an infantile romp on the screen.

—Dennis W. Clarke



Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly and William Holden star in *The Country Girl*, which is a musical film version of the American play by Clifford Odets *Winter Journey*



## Television

### FAREWELL AT VIENNA?

RICHARD DIMBLEBY and Stephen McCormack set off next Monday "About Europe," on what promised to be a notably attractive series. Viewers who have seen their tours "About Britain," and more particularly, perhaps, about Malta last year, know these two for civilized travelling companions and guides. Now McCormack's departure to commercial TV threatens to make Vienna their last as well as first stop—and Monday all the more to be treasured.



With "What's My Line?" closed down until it reopens under commercial colours, what a pity the B.B.C. has not yet found a worthy challenger to replace it. "Guess My Story," which steps into its Sunday spot this week-end, is probably the best of the rest, and Peter West is certainly



#### "... TO MEET HERR AND FRAU WAGNER "

THE life story of Wagner, in all its cinematic variety, has taken a strangely long time to come to the screen, but it has now been done en principe by Republic Pictures in *Magic Fire*, whose world premiere will take place in London in May. In this scene, Wagner and his wife (Alan Badel and Yvonne de Carlo) are welcoming guests at a lavish reception following the successful opening of one of the operas.

the pleasantest and politest of present chairmen.

Among B.B.C. programmes which viewers may still want to see even when there is an alternative, "Animal, Vegetable and Mineral" (to-morrow), "Press Conference" (Friday), and "Panorama" (to-night) improve consistently. The last-named may not easily find another guest to match Mrs. Roosevelt, who complied so courteously with Malcolm Muggeridge's request not to let him talk too much—the besetting sin of TV interviewers, compères and chairmen.

"SNAPSHOT" often falls tantalisingly between two good ideas: the family album and the celebrity. But next Tuesday's should be a festive gathering, for the contributors are Mrs. Gerald Legge, Major-General Sir Edward Spears and Sir Alan Herbert, all of whom should have some material worth showing as well as worth saying.

Sunday's play, *The Next Lord Chase*, promises a reward for services rendered to John Justin, whose easy charm was such a bright spot in one Whiteoaks instalment. *The Next Lord Chase* at least reverses the burden of that long-drawn-out chronicle by cramming three centuries of family curse into one evening's costume comedy.

— **Freida Bruce Lockhart**

#### *The gramophone*

#### WIGGING CAT

INTRODUCING a wiggling cat with a far-out wail\* in the person of pianist David Brubeck, one of the most exciting jazz artists of the past twenty-five years.

With Gerry Mulligan, Chet Baker, Stan Getz and Shorty Rogers he shares top place in the lives of an ever-increasing jazz-minded public.

These modernists, with others, are not only creating a demand for jazz to be taken seriously, but are cashing in on the present trend.

The debatable point is, and it certainly is debatable, have these cats and their combos† anything new and original to offer?

For the under-twenties, and under-thirties possibly, the answer could be that they have, but beyond that I would say they simply weld together bits here and there, "high spots," if



you like, that have long since gone to make up the whole panoramic scene called jazz since the beginning of the 'twenties, when, indeed, the serious-minded middle classes heard the trump of doom in the wail of the saxophone and the throb of the drums!

TO-DAY, in other words, jazz remains something between order and complete disorder, something that is given out with rigid discipline or with an absolute disregard for anything as restricting.

That it is now being played with such conviction as to demand a hearing is all too apparent. Both Brubeck's "Jazz Goes to College" and "Brubeck at Storyville" bear witness to this, as, in fact, does the Sauter-Finegan L.P. about which I wrote a few weeks ago, though the Brubeck combo is *minuscule* by comparison. At the moment "Brubeck at Storyville" is the only L.P. available here. On it you are regaled with much that is original, much that is contrived and much that positively sends you. (Philips B.B.L. 7018.)

— **Robert Tredinnick**

\* An intellectual jazz musician with an experimental swinging beat.

† Small instrumental group.



P. D. H. Nichols, J. Bannister, A. Bond, S. Barrow, J. Harvey, F. Jefferson, D. Gibbens and F. Butler made a cheerful row of eight on the parapet of the school wall



E. S. G. Lloyd, the Hon. Patrick Conolly-Carew, Tim Wynne, Julian Proctor and Michael Leinster having tuck-shop refreshments



## AT HARROW, FOUNDER'S DAY RECALLED ROYAL CHARTER

HARROW SCHOOL held their annual Founder's Day in bitter weather this year, and those courageous parents who ventured out to watch the celebrations were well wrapped up against the cold. Harrow is numbered, among the oldest as well as one of the most distinguished public schools in England, and was granted a Royal Charter in 1572, though there had been a school on the Hill from much earlier times. Cricket, with the match versus Eton at Lord's in mind, is the most important of all games there



Rex Neame, with "Custos" standing by, signs the Monitors' Register. He is Head of School and captain of Rugger and cricket



Julian Cotterell, Miss Rosamond Burn, Lady Rose Bligh, who is a daughter of the Earl of Darnley, and Mr. Richard Baker Wilbraham



Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Barkes, whose home is in Harrogate, Yorkshire, were accompanied by R. F. C. Webster (left) and Rodney Barkes



John Tansley, Lady Tansley, Miss Jennifer Skinner, Kenneth Webb, Sir Eric Tansley, Miss Jane Tansley and Miss Eva Wade



Mr. H. B. Roderick, Peter Gaydon and Mrs. F. H. Gaydon watching the football match, in which the School beat the Old Harrovians

Swaebe

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

# Standing By ...

To this department one of the enduring mysteries of air-travel ("Don't overstep the mark, you cad," warned the girl with rising colour) was, till recently, the total absence from British and other airports of those slim, exquisite, laughing beauties and tall, elegant sahibs you see chatting on airline-posters. But now we think we've got the hang of it.

Having often looked in vain for these glorious creatures amid a typical London Airport horde, we conclude they represent a subtle eugenics-campaign by the airline-boys, aimed at inducing the Race, by suggestion, to breed more attractive air-travellers, just as hopeful Athenian mothers used to decorate a new daughter-in-law's home with statuettes of Apollo and Aphrodite. Every now and again, probably, the big boys of the racket get together for a conference on this, with depressing results.

"Any luck yet, Cyril?"

"Terrible, old boy."

"Ernest?"

"Don't ask me."

"Dusty made a big nonsense of that *Daily Snoot* beauty-queen he got to hang round his dump last Tuesday."

"How?"

"She brought a little dog with her."

"Fatal."

Altogether a sore disappointment, not to say a poisoned wound, and we well understand the impulse which made a busy official at Barcelona not long ago hand our ticket to a ravishing Catalonian beauty at the same counter who (naturally) wasn't going by air at all. He apologised courteously, but we saw him bite his lip. Hope springs eternal.

#### Paradox

THEL LEVEY's death in New York vividly recalls the memorable day Nanny took us to a Hippodrome matinée of *Hello, Rags-tine!* It wasn't the corncrake Levey voice which fascinated us so much as the graceful, wonderful Levey high-kick. And what we couldn't get over for many weeks was the fact (vouched for by Nanny) that Miss Levey wasn't doing this for fun, but was paid for it. This revelation was, so to speak, our initiation into the thrilling, mystical world of the drama.

Continual queries did not fail to wake the sleeping devil in Nanny—"Ask no questions and you'll be told no lies" was her big line—

but we're still glad we had an inquiring mind, even so early. Otherwise we might be still puzzling over the anomaly that whereas we got a rap for making faces, little actresses got, and still get, mink and pearls. A dilettante chap tells us that in his treatise on theatrical art called *Paradoxe sur le Comédien* Diderot admits himself baffled by this equally. Even Nanny didn't know the answer. Children who disobediently kept on making faces, Nanny said, were "struck with it," like Maria in the *Cautionary Tales*, and that was that.

Her features took their final mould  
In shapes that made your blood run cold . . .

#### Footnote

A GREED. But this doesn't explain why, instead of shunning little actresses, people rush to give them pearls and mink, and maybe Slogger Diderot was wise to skip this particular paradox, like Nanny. Our own solution, take it or leave it, is that if people didn't give them things they'd do great harm.

#### Receptionette

VERY properly the BOAC boys have been persuaded to think twice about dismissing a 24-year-old reception-hostess for "slovenly conduct" because she allegedly leaned against a window while chatting with passengers. Gracefully, too, we bet.

Had she been some years older—as will instantly occur to you white men on recalling our recent demand, on behalf of the financial world, for motherly air-hostesses—the passengers could have leaned on her instead; closing their eyes and drawing deep breaths of respite and solace. We see the ideal BOAC receptionette as aged about 70, in black silk; shortish, plump, silver-haired and apple-cheeked, with a quiet voice and infinite compassion in her gentle old eyes. Ironjawed men of affairs racked by top-level executive problems would queue with pink tickets to lean their aching heads on her maternal bosom, two at a time. "Tell Mumsie your pet names," the low, musical old voice would begin. "What? 'Laddie'? And 'Tiggles'? Oh, dear. Well, 'Laddie,' what's biting my big City boy today?" A moving spectacle.

#### Afterthought

INEVITABLE friction due to jealousy from fellow-bosom-leaners would be dealt with immediately, of course, and with gentle firmness.



"Shepherd's pie—pass it on!"

"Please stop that snarling and fidgetting, Tiggles."

"Well, my problems are bigger than his. My annual turnover—"

"All in good time, dear."

"Well, my overheads alone—"

"Please, 'Tiggles'!"

There'd frequently come the time, one fears, for a smart push and a cry of "Keep that terrible stuff for the psychiatrist, you awful boy!" Blue tickets for the BOAC Psychiatry Bureau, off the main hall. Sofas by Kozie-Kumfort, Ltd.

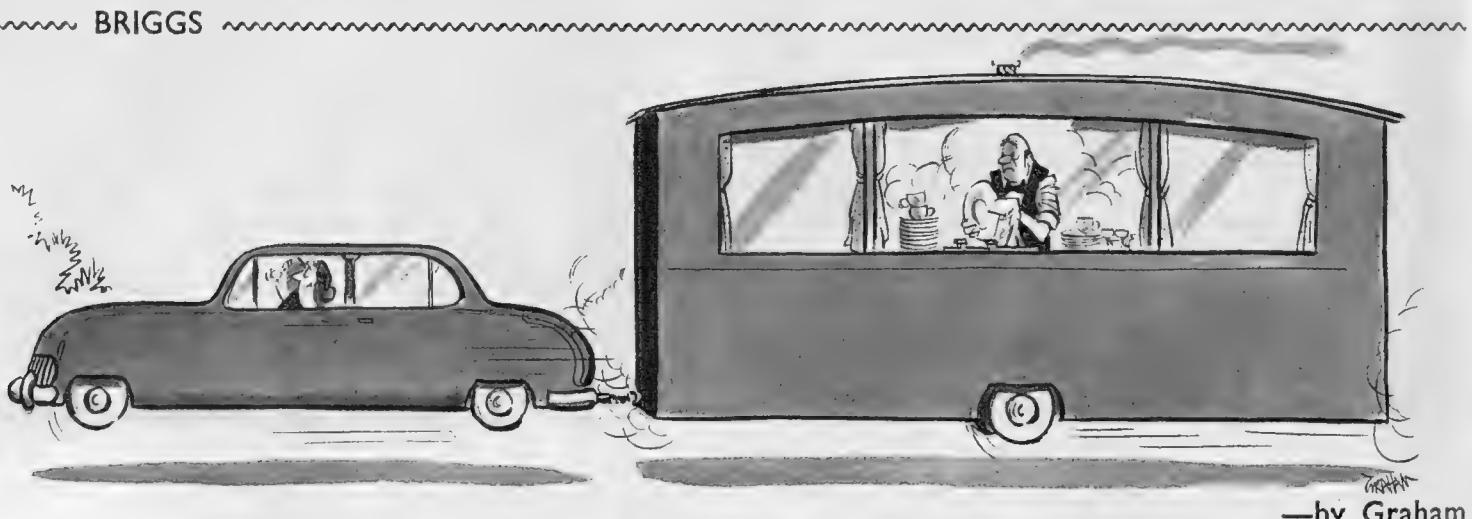
#### Sprint

CHAPS who run very fast for Mother England at international athletic meetings would look pretty big musclebound sissies (we thought last week, perusing a slightly hysterical Sports Page tribute) by the side of that trusty old sprinter the Messenger in Greek drama, who runs fifty times as fast and far, reels off 200-300 lines of faultless narrative verse on arrival at the finishing-tape, and drops dead, like the wellknown Pheidippides, Slogger R. Browning's buddy.

The poetry is the test, as the *Athenian Athletic News* remarked on some second-string sprinter who tried to lower Pheidippides' record:

The late local lad was in good fettle, finishing apparently fresh and beating his own nonstop Athens-Sparta-Athens sprint last month by 1 min. 31 sec., but some of his lines were terrible. As Manager "Spike" Kallikrates of the AAA remarked, "That boy handed in his dinner-pail none too soon." Get cracking with the old hexameters, Trainer "Dusty" Pappadopoulos, before the fans take the pants off you.

Three hundred lines of impromptu blank verse following a 50-mile sprint each way would more or less reproduce classic conditions for our native AAA. Meanwhile we find the publicity boys for a wellknown American news-weekly boasting in its behalf that "the Messenger in Greek tragedy always gives a better commentary on the battle than the hero"; which seems to ignore the Messenger's sudden end. Psst! Psst! Hey, Joe, your paper's dropped dead!



—by Graham



*Major-Gen. F. R. G. Matthews was leading his horse Tomfoolery, ridden by Miss Gay Walker, before the Ladies' Open Challenge Cup*

## FIRST SUNSHINE OF SPRING FOR THE WILTON MEETING

**FOLLOWERS** of the Wilton were more fortunate with their point-to-point than some of those hunts whose races had to be postponed owing to the state of the turf. Even so, the officials put back the time of the first race by half an hour



*Col. and Mrs. Douglas Darling, Capt. and Mrs. Percy Brown and Lady Farquhar. Col. Darling's Porlock Folly won the 3rd race*



*The hon. secretary, Mr. H. M. Trethowan (centre), with two of the judges, Major W. W. B. Scott and Lt.-Col. Sir Peter Farquhar, Bt.*



*Col. R. M. Bamford pointing out a fence to Miss Angela Kent. The point-to-point was at Well House Farm, near Salisbury*

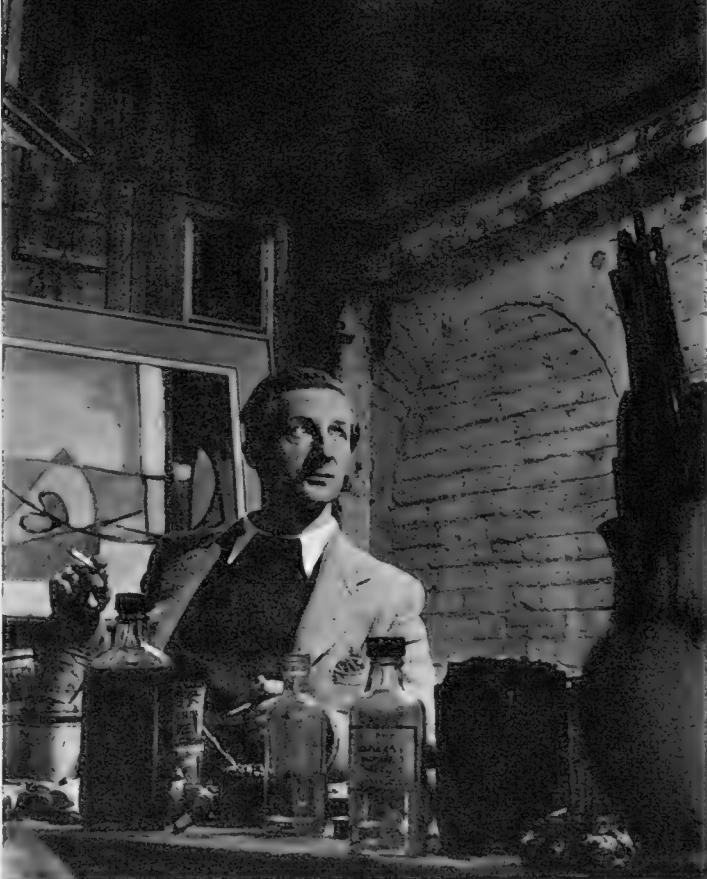


*Mr. and Mrs. John Hollick, with their son Nigel, were resting during their tour of inspection of the fences before racing started*

Morris

JOHN VERNEY, known as a versatile young painter, has written *Going to the Wars* (Collins; 12s. 6d.), the Book Society Choice for April. Its humour and literary artistry recall Siegfried Sassoon's *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer* of World War One. John Verney is the son of Sir Ralph Verney, Bt., and was at Eton and Oxford

Book  
Reviews  
by  
Elizabeth  
Bowen



## THE RAIN, IT RAINETH . . .

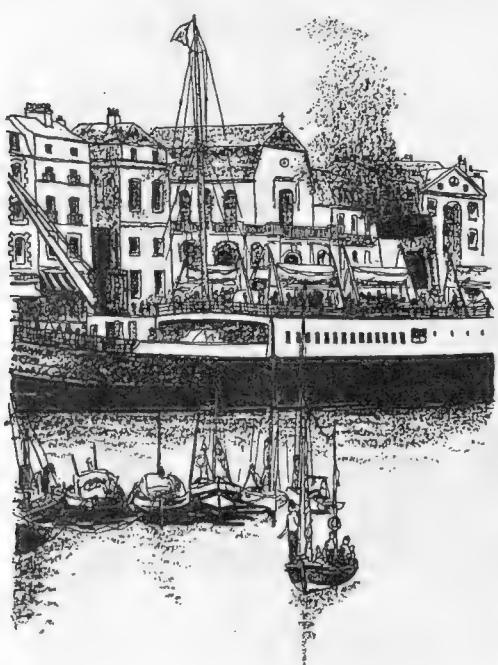
WEATHER, this last year, has been a sore subject. One might hesitate, therefore, to introduce a book dealing very largely with rain, together with snow, ice, frost, hail and high winds. John Stewart Collis's *THE MOVING WATERS* (Hart-Davis; 15s.) is, however, not the work of a meteorologist; it is, rather, a loving study of water, its ceaseless movement, and the part it has played in the life of man. The author tells of the work and aspects of water from its ascension out of the sea to its return there. This immense theme he has, as it were, domesticated for us by evoking many familiar pictures. The

book is at once informative and imaginative—a rare blend!

*The Moving Waters*, in fact, is a book addressed to the speculative, wondering mind—such a mind as most of us had in childhood. Too few of us keep, in our later years, that first pure curiosity as to fundamentals: we allow ourselves to be fobbed off, or cease to care. The questions we used to ask were, Mr. Collis demonstrates, far from foolish.

FOR instance, how does a large river keep on flowing; where does that inexhaustible outpour come from? Or, what causes a cloud to begin to discharge rain at one particular moment and no other, and then, again for no evident reason, stop? Or, is the earth really in danger of being washed away, and if not, why not? . . . Here, the answers transpire from page to page. And questions one had not formulated are met also.

We begin, or, rather, Mr. Collis begins, with the firmament—the atmosphere which enwraps us, and its protective quality. We are spared (though we may not always know it) what could be the killing extremes of heat and cold by "equalising of elements and curbing of forces through the administration of the air." Then, on to the incessant circulation of the Trade Winds—"these are the rivers of the sky," to be reckoned with while they are unimpeded. The wrecking hurricanes and tornadoes come when air is impeded, then unleashed suddenly. Next, clouds, their different



"EN VOYAGE," by Emile de Harven and J. M. MacDonald (Macgibbon and Kee; 10s. 6d.), from which these illustrations were taken, is based on the successful "Peter and Helen Lamb" broadcasting series of the same title. The book promotes better understanding of French, France and the Gauls, and is realistic, authentic and witty

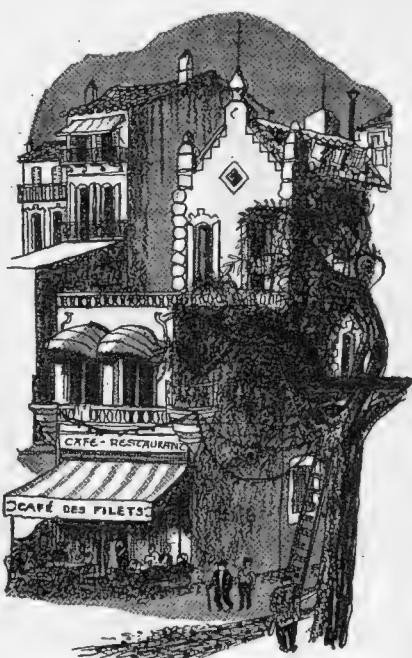
natures and their stories—how is it that they are kept in those marked regional layers, and how are they kept from falling down? The entire chapter on "Clouds" is remarkable, not least so for its poetic beauty.

**H**AIL, snow (which, by the way, is not white, but by its reflective power appears to be so), ice, glaciers, icebergs, frost and dew are "vestures of water." The geometric analysis of the snowflake, the passage on glaciers—those "lonely highways"—and the one on travelling icebergs are all exciting. Then, onward to rain itself, and the whole story of its infiltration into and storage inside the earth. The hollowed mountains, their lightless caverns and internal lakes and rivers are awesome to hear of: not less so are the ventures of intrepid spelæologists. Geology enters the picture; we contemplate the porous rocks and the pervious soils.

**T**o what degree is water an enemy? We face the threats of erosion, of nibbled coastlines. And what of our enemy action towards water: the modern enormities of pollution, to which Mr. Collis devotes an austere chapter? Rain-making, with its primitive early attendant rites and American future, is discussed; and so is water-divining. Water as transport, water for washing, water as energy (steam, then later the turbine) occupies pages towards the end. And we review London's supply, present and past. Mr. Collis, whose approach to his subject is (I repeat) intimate, feeling, human, allows himself moments of nostalgia. Old usages lapse as time marches on: he mourns for the "dead" canal, the abandoned water-mill. But the implicit poetry of *The Moving Waters* is not wholly that of regret. From the recurrences of Nature he takes comfort. "Our story," he concludes, "is not over yet."

★ ★ ★

**V**ANQUISH THE ANGEL, by Diana and Meir Gillon (Constable; 13s. 6d.), is a fine and very exciting novel—scene, Palestine during the crisis years. The hero, Yoel, born in Jerusalem and raised in the orthodox, ancient Jewish tradition, is a progressive. He goes as a student to London; he meets and marries Olivia, a beautiful, high-spirited English girl. Gladly, she identifies herself with





Serge Lido

his destiny, which is also the destiny of his country. "Thy people shall be my people."

The young couple, having set sail for Palestine, first attach themselves to a *kibbutz*, or working community (much of the kind pictured in Arthur Koestler's *Thieves in the Night*). They are much in love, selflessly busy, carefree—but for the fact that World War Two is on, and Olivia cannot but worry about her family.

**M**ORE and more does the national cause claim Yoel. To give full time to his organisation, he insists upon a move to Jerusalem, where Olivia is to work for a useful newspaper. The atmosphere of the city is now hectic: these are the years 1946-48, with Jewish nationalist terrorists harassing the British Mandatory Government and its forces. The girl, estranged from her husband, loyal to him but horrified by atrocities, does not know which way to turn. She does turn, alas, to Roderick Frazer, of the Palestine Police, with whom she has an impassioned, unhappy love-affair. Always, in her heart, her marriage comes first.

Excellent is this picture of a marriage relationship put to an undue test by public events, and disturbed by deeply conflicting feelings. Also, the authors of *Vanquish the Angel* compel the reader to live through those racking years. Worse is to follow when, after the British have withdrawn, the Arabs lay siege to Jewish Jerusalem—though courage renders these pages splendid. Towards the final extreme of their ordeal, Yoel and Olivia find each other again....

Mr. and Mrs. Gillon's knowledge of Jerusalem (where they themselves lived during that time) is unmistakable; all that they write is telling. And, still better, by means of a balanced sympathy they have succeeded in giving us an all-round picture. Yoel's old mother, with her misgivings, is, for instance, wonderfully drawn.

\* \* \*

**T**HE WORCESTER ACCOUNT (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.) is the early reminiscences of S. N. Behrman—author of *Duveen*, and America's most polished and witty dramatist. Here are

scenes far from sophistication: in fact, the shabby, though well-loved Providence Street, least grand part of Worcester, Massachusetts. Up the tree-shaded hill, with its two synagogues, unrelaxed patriarchal rule holds sway. Family life, with its moods and humours, its alarms and excursions, is intensive. Everyone, watching from porch or window, is keenly aware of everyone else; public opinion is not to be lightly flouted.

**S**o Mr. Behrman writes of a boyhood in these surroundings—from which life, since, has carried him so far—sometimes with a sentiment pure of irony, sometimes with an irony tinged by sentiment. One meets, among others, the entrancing and fatal Myra, also the less-in-request Ada.... And for a brief spell it happened that Emma Goldman, famous female anarchist, opened an ice-cream parlour.

August in its eccentricities, noble in its conservatism was, indeed, Providence Street, Worcester. One is grateful to Mr. Behrman for rendering, and so beautifully, this account.

## THE NEWEST "IMMORTAL"

**J**EAN COCTEAU, "the magician," as he is called in Paris from his enormous artistic versatility, has been elected a member of the Académie Française; the supreme honour in France for a man of letters. Cocteau is best known over here for his beautiful and fantastic films such as the unique *Orpheus*, *La Belle et Le Bête*, and *The Eagle Has Two Heads*, the plays of which scored such a tremendous success in the English translation, with Eileen Herlie in the part originally created by Edwige Feuillière. Cocteau was born in Maisons-Laffitte in 1889 and published his first work at the age of sixteen

Beauty

# Away we go!

Jean Cleland



**O**H FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE." No, I'm not chanting it to myself as I write. It is simply the effect of this Travel Number which has unsettled me.

Looking at the smart new luggage, and all the appurtenances that are part and parcel of journeys, brings visions of planes soaring into the air, ships sailing the seas, and trains rushing through the countryside. Of gay departures and exciting arrivals. Visualising all this seems to make the room in which I work close in, and grow smaller. I long to throw open the windows, hitch on a pair of wings—stronger than those of a dove, to be on the safe side—and fly off into the blue.

Take no notice. It is just a flight of fancy, and I am already coming down to earth again, ready to give what I hope may be a little helpful advice to those who are about to set off for a change and pastures new.

To travel "beautifully" is an art. Some people manage it superbly, others are less successful. A few women here and there, on arriving at their destination, look as though they had come on a magic carpet with everything in perfect order, pristine clean and fresh—complexions included. Others look travel-worn, and sadly bereft of the perfection with which they started off from home.

What is the secret? I would think it a

safe bet, to name it as something very simple. Just a matter of forethought, and of taking a little extra trouble. The shops just now are full of ingenious things to help the traveller, and the smart woman, whose look of good grooming stays with her all the way, takes advantage of them. She chooses one of the delightful overnight cases that she can carry with her. With this by her side, she can get at her beauty preparations and her make-up, without so much as leaving her seat. Other tips in her scheme of travelling beautifully—and comfortably—may well be, I suggest, as follows:—

**F**OR the complexion: Before starting off, she goes, if she is wise, to her pet salon, and asks one of the experts to advise her as to what is the most lasting make-up for a long journey. First, a foundation to keep the skin smooth and matt over a considerable period of time. If she is going to a hot climate she mentions this, as some foundations resist heat much better than others. A long-lasting lipstick (one that stays fast on the lips without smearing glasses, cups, etc.) is an important item; so, too, is a mascara that doesn't smudge or run if she drops a tear, or laughs at a joke.

There comes a time on a journey when the best make-up in the world needs a "re-work," and with this in mind she takes either a cleansing cream which can be put

into one of the jars in the overnight case, or a bottle of cleansing milk, which is very cool and refreshing. A small size can now be had of the Anne French Deep Cleansing Milk, and this is particularly convenient for travel, as it comes in a flat bottle, which can go into the handbag.

For her hands, she includes a tube of hand cream—invaluable, this, for keeping the skin soft and smooth after washing off the dirt and grime which is an inevitable part of a journey. A cream of this kind can be used for *cleansing* the hands, too—instead of washing—and is easily wiped off with cleansing tissues. These—the tissues—must certainly not be forgotten, as they have so many uses, and can be just thrown away when they have done their job.

**H**EAT and fatigue on a journey can be greatly alleviated by a touch of frozen-cologne or lavender, so this is sure to be included. She may like, too, to take her favourite perfume in one of the little non-spill bottles specially made to carry in the handbag. These take the scent safely, without fear of leakage, and provide a wonderful way for giving just that little touch of uplift when it is most needed.

Eyes are apt to grow weary when travelling, especially if the sun is hot and glaring. They can be quickly soothed and refreshed overnight by placing a couple of Optrex pads, impregnated with Optrex Lotion, over the closed lids for ten minutes or so on retiring, and again before getting up in the morning. An easy way of carrying them when travelling light is to take a few out of the jar, and put them in a small square of oiled silk to keep them moist.

**F**OR general appearance: A small, flat clothes brush, which takes up practically no room at all, and can be used to brush off odd specks of dust and fluff. A small silk or chiffon scarf to slip round the neck, to prevent powder from getting on to the lapels of the coat. One of the charming and neat little plastic hold-alls with divisions for hankies (or small pieces of lingerie, such as clean collars and cuffs) and stockings. Nothing is more refreshing than a clean pair of stockings, and, with a case such as this ready to hand, it is a simple matter to make a quick change. A sewing kit, which can be had in such a tiny size that you can put it into a handbag and forget all about it unless the odd "stitch in time" is needed.

All the things I have mentioned are so small and compact that the space they occupy is extremely minute compared with the comfort and convenience they provide.



THE EASTER LILY, introduced from Japan to Bermuda by a missionary, has become the traditional flower and the principal export of these sunny Atlantic islands. This Easter, as a goodwill gesture, Easter lilies will be specially flown from Bermuda and will be displayed in churches and elsewhere throughout England and Scotland



Eric Coop

## WHERE YOKE OXEN DRAW THE BUTTS OF MALMSEY

THERE is a timelessness about the rituals of wine, perfectly crystallised in this picture of oxen drawing a cask of Malmsey on a sledge into the yard of a wine lodge in Madeira. The visitor to this holiday island, now so easily accessible by sea and air, can see around him there many equally fascinating evidences of the romance surrounding its principal export

# LOOKING AHEAD AT HOLIDAY LUGGAGE

*IT is a fact that whether you go by land, sea or air, smart travel accessories and elegant luggage, such as we illustrate here, will add to the enjoyment of your journey, your appearance and your comfort in every way*

—JEAN CLELAND



This toilet hold-all, 8" x 5" x 3½" deep, in red morocco, is very smart. It is lined with washable material to hold bath accessories. Price £3 5s. Debenham and Freebody



"Viscount," the latest range of Noton luggage, covered with Irish linen. Interior lined with rayon moire and edges protected. From 50s. to £7 12s. 6d. at most good stores and leather goods merchants



A luxurious beauty travel case in red hide, exquisitely fitted with metal-mounted light-weight bottles. Price £31 from Debenham and Freebody



Right : This casual handbag of coach hide has a good-luck air, is soft and roomy, with a gilt horseshoe-shape buckle, and is ideal for travelling. Debenham and Freebody have it in stock, priced at 11 gns.





Dennis Smith

## Travelling light

*Your wardrobe  
in a nutshell*

THIS new luggage has everything the air traveller can wish for. It is light and smart and designed to hold a considerable number of dresses, shoes, suits, etc., to perfection. The suitcase is £10 9s. 6d., blouse case £6 17s. 6d., matching hat box £5 19s. 6d., train case (for those important cosmetics you need ready to hand) £4 19s. 6d. All made by Revelation in green proofed canvas, the first three with red centre stripes. The "Kynoch" travelling rug is made of 100 per cent pure wool, weighs only 1lb. 13oz., cost approximately 8 gns.



Peter Clark

*Ready for adventure*

*In the coral and beige  
of a sunswept beach*

**P**HOTOGRAPHED at the Waterloo Air Terminal, our choice of the week for The TATLER'S Travel Number is Simpsons' coat of coral-coloured linen, long, straight and enormously smart, worn over a button-through dress of pale beige worsted flannel. Whether you journey by road, rail or air this summer, here is a perfect outfit in which you will look and feel unruffled and completely at ease, ready, like the advertisers in personal columns, to go anywhere or meet anyone

## *Air-station*

## *Travelogue*



Peter Clark

The dress. Made of very light-weight worsted flannel with a neat tie-neck and a button-through fastening, this useful little pale beige frock costs only  $6\frac{1}{2}$  gns. The matching peach-bloom beret is 2 gns. and the hogskin gloves, £3 5s. 0d.

*A CHOICE FOR THE WEEK*  
*by Mariel Deans*

The coat, a peg-topped line of coral pink with dropped shoulders, slanting pockets and bracelet length sleeves. Slender, dead plain and as new as tomorrow this is a coat to buy now for summer travel ahead. It costs 20 gns.

## Four outfits that will meet



An oatmeal-coloured two-piece from Margaret Marks, of Knightsbridge. Made of fine wool jersey in two weights (writes Mariel Deans) this is a warm and exceptionally comfortable outfit. The dress has a sash, starting at the side seams, that buckles in the front. Brown wooden buttons on dress and coat match the colour of the casual pull-on felt hat from the same shop

I





Leaving England in March we may have cotton frocks in our luggage for a holiday in the Canaries or the Caribbean, or ski pants and furs for a late winter sporting effort, but one thing is certain, that for the next couple of months, wool is a wise choice for this end of the trip. This cocoa-coloured Donegal tweed ensemble by Margaret Barry is faced with nutria. The coat has dropped shoulders and split sleeves that can be turned back into cuffs. Notice the long bodice line and the cleverly placed pockets. The velvet pull-on hat is also by Miss Barry

*the mood of any journey*



3  
*For open  
 car trips*

Left: Lillywhite's charmingly casual outfit for a motoring holiday consists of an ivory green suede jacket, button-through wool and camel-hair skirt and beautifully cut, man-tailored poplin shirt. The suede beret with the deep band of ribbed knitting comes in many different colours. The car shown in these photographs is a Sunbeam Alpine — the same model that acquitted itself so well in the recent International Alpine Rally





Armstrong Jones

4

*For the hooded car*

This three-piece from Jaeger (shown above and opposite) makes a lovely colour harmony. The tweed suit has a rather long jacket and a straight skirt with an inverted pleat at the back. It is the colour of the best home-made tomato soup. The loose-fitting top coat is a mixture of charcoal grey, cream and the orange of the suit. The cream-coloured wool hat is also by Jaeger

## Motoring

# My choice

## is France

RECREATION is nothing other than an intensified process of getting away from it all. And getting away from it all seems to be one of the most popular pursuits of modern civilization. Transport vehicles of all kinds minister to it and eventually, I suppose, the space ship will allow us to break out of the gravitational cage which has held us since the beginning.

Meanwhile the best kind of getting away is done in motor cars because they not only carry their occupants, but also provide them with a certain amount of entertainment in the process.

My own pleasure touring is much restricted and when I go to France it is now always to attend a race meeting like Le Mans or Reims. I do not find time to discover new beaches, new restaurants and new scenery. But it is established by the reports of those who can do these things that France remains the best touring ground of all.

ENGLAND, with about 750 people to the square mile, is overcrowded and the countryside is being spoilt at a great rate by the local authorities and, surprisingly enough, by the farmers. Unlike automobile engineers, who know too much about them, farmers still believe what scientists tell them about efficient farming. The consequence is that Britain's agricultural countryside is not only losing its beauty, but it is also failing to produce good food.

The French countryside, where so many farms refuse the facilities of mechanization, remains beautiful and continues to produce the best food. The number of people who go on a motor tour in France and do not enjoy themselves is so small as to be negligible.

And the facilities for ferrying the car across the Channel are good. The air ferry is the chosen method and its only disadvantage is that bookings have to be made early. The boat ferries are satisfactory also, booking can be left



PASSENGERS FLYING to the Continent this year by Air France will enjoy the French company's traditional cuisine on their new Vickers Viscount turboprop airliners. They have Viscount services to a number of destinations in Europe, including Spain, the Riviera, Italy and Switzerland, and are also flying no fewer than ten Viscounts daily on the popular London/Paris route

somewhat later and the whole process may be taken at a more leisurely pace.

I have said that England has lost its appeal as a touring ground; but not Scotland. A friend who did a large mileage in Scotland last year cannot praise it too highly. The roads are good and the traffic light. The scenery has not yet been spoilt.

APPROPRIATELY enough at this time of year the Royal Automobile Club has brought out its *Continental Handbook* for 1955. This book contains—interspersed amongst a plethora of advertisements—useful information about local clubs, Customs arrangements, hotel and garage addresses and tariffs and sketch maps of a number of towns. International and local road signs are illustrated, including the “hooting prohibited” sign to which attention must now be paid. It shows a bulb horn with a diagonal stroke drawn through it.

If Paris is on the route or any other of the large French cities, it is advisable to supplement the sketch maps by larger-scale maps with the one-way systems clearly marked upon them. In Paris itself it is a necessity to use one of these maps unless only a limited amount of city driving is to be done. Otherwise it saves much muddling and annoyance to note carefully beforehand the run of the one-way streets.

There is one other point about Continental touring. The road conditions can be much harder on the car than those in Britain. There are not only steep climbs; but there are the long, straight stretches. Some cars will stand continuous thrashing along these roads, but it is obvious that the chances of trouble are somewhat increased if the car is driven a great deal harder than normal. Whatever we may say about the appalling condition of Britain's roads, they do make things easier for the car because they enforce “rest periods” at such frequent intervals.

For running in a new engine there can hardly be better conditions than those in England or worse than those on the Continent. For it requires much strength of mind not to

keep the pedal pressed hard down on a long, straight, traffic-free stretch of road.

THE “inquests” that have been held upon the rules of the Royal Automobile Club's Rally have upheld very few of the comments and criticisms. Although it was complicated, the Rally was testing in the right way and proved once again how difficult navigation is in Britain.

The most pleasing thing about the Rally was Miss Sheila Van Damm's success—coming so soon after her Monte Carlo achievement. She, Mrs. Hall and their Sunbeam were in the news from the start—not always a desirable circumstance, for some teams can be upset by it. But their navigation and driving were more than a match for the difficult conditions.

So far as the manufacturers are concerned, the Standard Company ought to be delighted. Not only did Ray and Horrocks come out at the top of the list, but there were also the team prizes and the satisfactory performance of Rumsey's Triumph.

So it seems after all that a Rally can be successfully held on the roads of this country. Let us then hope that one of the schemes now afoot for enabling races to be held on selected pieces of road will also succeed.

I WILL not say that I keep it under my pillow, but at any rate *Who's Who In The Motor Industry* (R. C. Bellamy Publications, 27s. 6d.) is a book which is in constant demand by motoring writers. The new (second) edition has just appeared. It is set out in the manner of the earlier (1952) edition but it shows evidence here and there of careful correction. It is not impossible to find omissions in the references. If one looks through statements about one's friends in almost any reference book in existence one can pick on things to criticize. But the general effect is of a work designed well and prepared with the utmost attention to detail. I have pleasure in welcoming this book.

—Oliver Stewart



THIS AUSTIN A.30 Van has just been put into service by the T.C.S. (Touring Club of Switzerland) as part of a new “Touring Aid” scheme. It is equipped to operate on similar lines to the A.A. and R.A.C. patrols in Britain



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HIGH STREET, Betchingley, Surrey, retains to the full its old world charm. Betchingley was once an important market town and returned two members to Parliament, the last of whom, Mr. T. H. Villiers and Lord Palmerston, departed with the Reform Act

## The epicure takes a helicopter

-I. Bickerstaff

**I**N 1765 the House of Hennessy established its Company and its Cognac in London. On March 22, 1955 (which was yesterday), Mr. David Hennessy was due to follow over their footsteps and wing his way into London in a helicopter; a flight marking the introduction of the first helicopter to be continuously available for personal transport at a reasonable cost.

Taking the cue, as this issue is a travel number, why not plan an Epicurean Tour by helicopter?

What a week would be possible, so let us see what we could do.

**WEDNESDAY:** London for lunch; a dozen Colchesters, steak and kidney pudding, Stilton cheese, and a pint of draught beer.

To Fortingall in Perthshire for dinner; Tay salmon with a Corton Charlemagne and Angus fillet of beef with a 1929 Grand Echézeaux.

**THURSDAY:** If you are finding it a trifle chilly in Perthshire in the spring, before you start for Wales try a foundation of Athole Brose, a local brew of straight Highland malt whisky; uncooked oatmeal, fully ripened heather honey and rich Highland cream. You should then be in good condition to proceed to Llandudno for lunch with a saddle of Welsh black-faced lamb, a bottle of Château Malescot-Margaux, 1947, Cheshire cheese and a glass of port.

And so away to France, to Dieppe for dinner (it's much nearer to Llandudno than Fortingall is to London) and have a *Sole Dieppoise*, which is fillets of sole poached with mussels and shrimps and covered with a white wine sauce; with this a Pouilly-Fuissé '52. To follow, a *Girot Pré Salé*, which is the leg of a sheep or a lamb bred on the low, salty downs of Normandy and Brittany, and always served with white beans, a suitable partner being a bottle of Château Cissac.

**FRIDAY:** To Tours for lunch or possibly Saumur where, if necessary, you could land on the parade ground of the most famous cavalry school in the world, a division of which is the Cardre Noir, the very cream of French cavalry.

In either town you can indulge in such delights as *Alose* (shad from the Loire) served on a bed of sorrel or *Brochet au Beurre Blanc* (pike with a

beaten butter white sauce). Accompany these with a bottle of Vouvray and follow the pike with a brochette of *Rognons de Veau* and a bottle of Bourgueil.

So on to Bordeaux for dinner where you have a wide choice of gastronomic shrines and all the variation of à La Bordelaise cuisine with the great wines of the Medoc to go with them.

**S**ATURDAY: Here is your chance to make up your mind about the noble, famous and classic *Bouillabaisse* because you are going to lunch in Marseilles and you can have the genuine article according to the purists, who only allow a formula of Mediterranean rock fish and regard the addition of mussels, langouste and crab with horror.

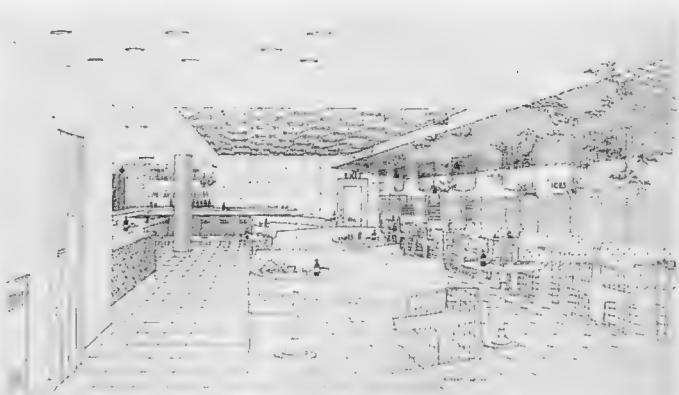
With this melange try a bottle of Clairette from the province of Languedoc, or a young Bordeaux Blanc which will clear your palate of the fishiest dishes.

Inland to Lyons for dinner, the gastronomic heart of France with everything in abundance on its doorstep; poultry, crayfish, carp and perch from La Bresse, trout from the foothills of the Alps and lamb from the Auvergne.

Eating is a hobby in this town and there are dozens of restaurants, large and small, all good.

With your *Langouste à la Crème au Porto* take a bottle of Batard-

[Continued on page 614]



IN COVENTRY a new luxury hotel, the Leofric, named after Lady Godiva's husband, is to open on April 28. This drawing shows the snack bar, which has a capacity of 150

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### LONDON & HOME COUNTIES

AYLESBURY (Bucks)	Phone	120 C
Ye Olde Bull's Head		
BURCOT-ON-THAMES (Oxford)		
*Croft House	Clifton Hampden	232 A
CROYDON, Sanderstead (Surrey)		
*Selsdon Park Hotel	Sanderstead	2001 C
EGHAM (Surrey)		
*Great Fosters		441 B
GUILDFORD (Surrey)		
*The Lion Hotel		5584 A
HASLEMERE (Surrey)		
*Whitwell Hatch Hotel		1200 A
LONDON		
Aban Court Hotel, S.W.7	FRE 2387 B	
Athenaeum Court Hotel, W.1	GRO 3464 C	
*Bailey's Hotel, S.W.7	FRO 8131 C	
Belgrave Hotel, S.W.1	VIC 1649 A	
*Berners Hotel, W.1	MUS 1629 C	
*Bonnington Hotel, W.C.1	HOL 6525 B	
Cadogan Hotel, S.W.1	SLO 7141 C	
*Carlisle House Hotel, W.2	AMB 2204 C	
*Hotel Cavendish, W.2	AMB 1667 A	
Charing Cross Hotel, W.C.2	TRA 7282 C	
*The Cora Hotel, W.C.1	EUS 5111 B	
Coram House Hotel, W.C.1	TER 3744 C	
*Eccleston Hotel, S.W.1	VIC 8042 B	
*Green Park Hotel, W.1	MAY 7522 C	
Hilton House Hotel, W.2	PAD 5729 A	
Leinster Court Hotel, W.2	PAD 6088 B	
*Montague Hotel, W.C.1	MUS 3377 B	
*Mostyn Hotel, W.1	WEL 2361 C	
Pembroke Gdns. Hotel, W.2	BAY 5397 A	
*Prince of Wales Hotel, W.8	WES 1155 B	
*Queen's Hotel, S.E.19	LIV 4472 A	
Queensway Hotel, W.2	BAY 6477 A	
Regent Palace Hotel, W.1	REG 7000 C	
Hotel Regina, S.W.7	FRE 5151 A	
*Riverside Hotel, S.W.3	FLA 1004 A	
Royal Court Hotel, S.W.1	SLO 9191 C	
*Shaftesbury Hotel, W.C.2	TEM 4422 B	
Somerset House Hotel, W.1	PAD 3868 C	
Southway Hotel, S.W.1	VIC 0642 B	
Strand Palace Hotel, W.C.2	TEM 8080 C	
Stuart House Hotel, W.2	PAD 6460 C	
*Waldorf Hotel, W.C.2	TEM 2400 C	
*Westway Hotel, W.C.1	EUS 8081 B	
Whiteness Hotel, W.2	PAD 2051 A	

### MARLOW (Bucks)

*The Compleat Angler Hotel	915 C
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### OXFORD (Oxford)

*Cotswold Lodge Hotel	57441 C
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### WESTON MANOR HOTEL (Oxford)

Bletchington	60 B
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### OXFORD (Oxford)

*Weston Manor Hotel	
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### OXFORD (Oxford)

Hoskins Arms Hotel	11 A
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### RICHMOND (Surrey)

Morshead Hotel	4676 A
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### OXFORD (Oxford)

Hotel Stuart	2346 A
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### SURBITON (Surrey)

Southampton Hotel	Elmbridge 1897 A
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### TWYFORD (Berk)

Grove Hall Hotel	106 C
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### WINDSOR (Berk)

*White Hart Hotel	521 B
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### S. & S.E. ENGLAND

#### BIRCHINGTON-ON-SEA (Kent)

Phone	
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*Minnis Bay Hotel	Thanet 41235 B
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#### BOGNOR REGIS (Sussex)

500 B	
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#### BOURNEMOUTH (Hants)

Belgrave Hotel	857 A
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*Bourne Hall	Westbourne 63333 C
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The Carlton Hotel	6560 C
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*Chine Hotel	Boscombe 36234 A
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*The Cliffsides Hotel, Eastcliff	5725 A
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Crag Head Hotel	7227 C
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*Durley Hall Hotel	4646 B
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Empress Hotel	3055 A
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*Grand Hotel	7088 C
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*Heathlands Hotel	6350 A
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*Highcliff Hotel	7210 C
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*Hinton Firs Hotel	5409 A
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Imperial Hotel	1529 C
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*Marsham Court	6780 C
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Toft House Hotel	3224 B
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Westminster Hall Hotel	1559 B
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*Winterbourne Hotel Ltd.	4927 A
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BRACKLESHAM BAY (Sussex)	Phone
*Bracklesham Bay Hotel	326 C
BRIGHTON (Sussex) See Hove	
*Arnold House Hotel	25055 A
*The Bedford Hotel	27184 C
*Grand Hotel	23211 C
*The Parade Hotel	1665 A
BURLEY (Hants)	
*Burley Manor Hotel	3114 B
EASTBOURNE (Sussex)	
*Burlington Hotel	2724 C
*Cavendish Hotel	2740 C
The Cumberland Hotel	4200 C
*Grand Hotel	1600 C
*Lansdowne Hotel	3400 B
*Queen's Hotel	2800 C
*Seaview Hotel	4870 C
*Sussex Hotel	2996 B
E. WITTERING nr. Chichester (Sussex)	
*Shore Hotel	West Wittering 3245 C
FAIRLIGHT (Sussex)	
Fairlight Cove Hotel	Pett 2209 C
FOLKESTONE (Kent)	
*Barrelle Hotel	51387 A
*The Burlington	4663 C
*The Continental/Wampach	51241 A
*Hotel Lyndhurst	51941 C
*Lismore Hotel	2717 A
FRESHWATER BAY (Isle of Wight)	
Dimbol Private Hotel	421 A
HASTINGS (Sussex)	
*Yelton Hotel	2240 C
HOVE (Sussex) See Brighton	
*Dudley Hotel	36266 C
Sackville Court Hotel	36292 C
LITTLEHAMPTON (Sussex)	
Beach Hotel	727 B
LYMINGTON (Hants)	
*Angel Hotel	2050 A
Londesborough Hotel	3088 A
PULBOROUGH (S. Downs)	
Chequers Hotel (W. Sussex)	86 B
RAMSGATE (Kent)	
*San Clu Hotel	Thanet 52345 A
RYDE (Isle of Wight)	
Spencer's Inn	3301 C
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA (Sussex)	
*The Alexandra Hotel	Hastings 602 C
SANDGATE (Kent)	
*Royal Norfolk Hotel	Folkestone 78252 A
SANDOWN (Isle of Wight)	
*Ocean Hotel	500 B
SEAVIEW (Isle of Wight)	
High Salterns Hotel	2249 C
SHANKLIN (Isle of Wight)	
*Daish's Hotel	2274 C
Hollier's Hotel	2764 A
*Melbourne-Ardenlea Hotel	2283 A
*Monteagle Hotel	2722 C
*The Shanklin Hotel	2286 B
SOUTHAMPTON (Hants)	
*Hamton House Hotel	24466 A
SOUTHSEA (Hants)	
*Queens Hotel	Portsmouth 74411 B
*Solent Hotel	Portsmouth 31229 B
STORRINGTON (W. Sussex)	
Abingworth Hall	West Chiltington 2257 A
TUNBRIDGE WELLS (Kent)	
*Calverley Hotel	2734 C
*Spa Hotel	20331 B
Vale Royal Hotel	580 A
VENTNOR (Isle of Wight)	
*Ventnor Towers Hotel	277A
WESTGATE-ON-SEA (Kent)	
*Sen Grange Hotel	Thanet 31698 A
WORTHING (Sussex)	
Bath Hotel	1106 C
Beach Hotel	4000 C
*Warnes Hotel	2222 C



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*Continuing—*

## *The epicure takes a helicopter*

Montrachet '45, and with the *Ris de Veau à la Lyonnaise* one of their beloved Beaujolais, possibly a *Moulin-à-Vent*.

SUNDAY: If you are still surviving proceed to Dijon for lunch; *Escargot de Bourgogne*, *Coq au Vin Bourguignon*, *Beuf Vigneronne*, and anything else you can think of, with all the fine Burgundies at your elbow.

Fly your helicopter slowly up the wine road and doff your helmet as you do so, from Montrachet to Chambertin, passing over Pommard, Beaune, Aloxe Corton, Nuits-St.-Georges, Vougeot, Vosne-Romanée, casting a shadow over Heaven as you fly by.

You now leave the Burgundies behind you so make for Strasbourg for dinner and an orgy of *pâté de foie gras*. You can also have what Samuel Chamberlain describes as the ultimate sublimation of the chicken, *Suprêmes de Volaille Strasbourgeoise*. Stick to the wines of Alsace, a Riesling, with the *foie gras*, and a Traminer with the fowl.

MONDAY: We are on the last lap, so to Reims for lunch and a rest from the richness, *Gratin de Sole au Champagne*, lamb cutlets and a bottle of champagne with both. Your last night in France! Spend it in Paris and only you and the mood you are in can decide how it will be spent.

TUESDAY: Early lunch in London. Turtle soup with a glass of Madeira, roast sirloin with a Rauson-Ségla 1934, Cheddar cheese with a glass of port, and a Martell "Cordon Bleu" with the coffee to toast the "Hennessy" helicopter, which should arrive at any moment.

WEDNESDAY: Finale, eggs and bacon for breakfast. Feet well on the ground. Lunch in the local, cut off the joint and two veg. with half a bitter, because it's all you will be able to afford for a long time.

**T**HREE are dozens of variations to this flight of fancy; distance could be greatly reduced, more countries visited, such as Austria, Switzerland, Belgium and Germany.

You could have spent all the time in the British Isles, and Heaven knows there are few more beautiful places in the spring. In Britain today if you take a little trouble you can wine and dine very well indeed.

Nevertheless I think a helicopter would be fun. I know that at many of my favourite haunts in the countryside of France it would be a simple matter to land within a few yards of the *patrons* and their fabulous restaurants, and I am certain they would be excited and delighted.

It is clearly possible, if you have the energy, to experience the cuisine of many regions in a short space of time. England, Scotland, Wales, and in France the provinces of Alsace, Anjou, Champagne, Bordelaise, Bourgogne, Lyonnaise, Normandy, Brittany and Provence, with Paris for good measure, in seven or eight days. But it would be rather strenuous and perhaps not at all practical.

I will present Mr. Hennessy's pilot, Capt. John Crewdson, with a copy of this, and wait apprehensively for his cries of derision.

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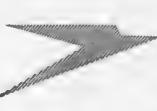


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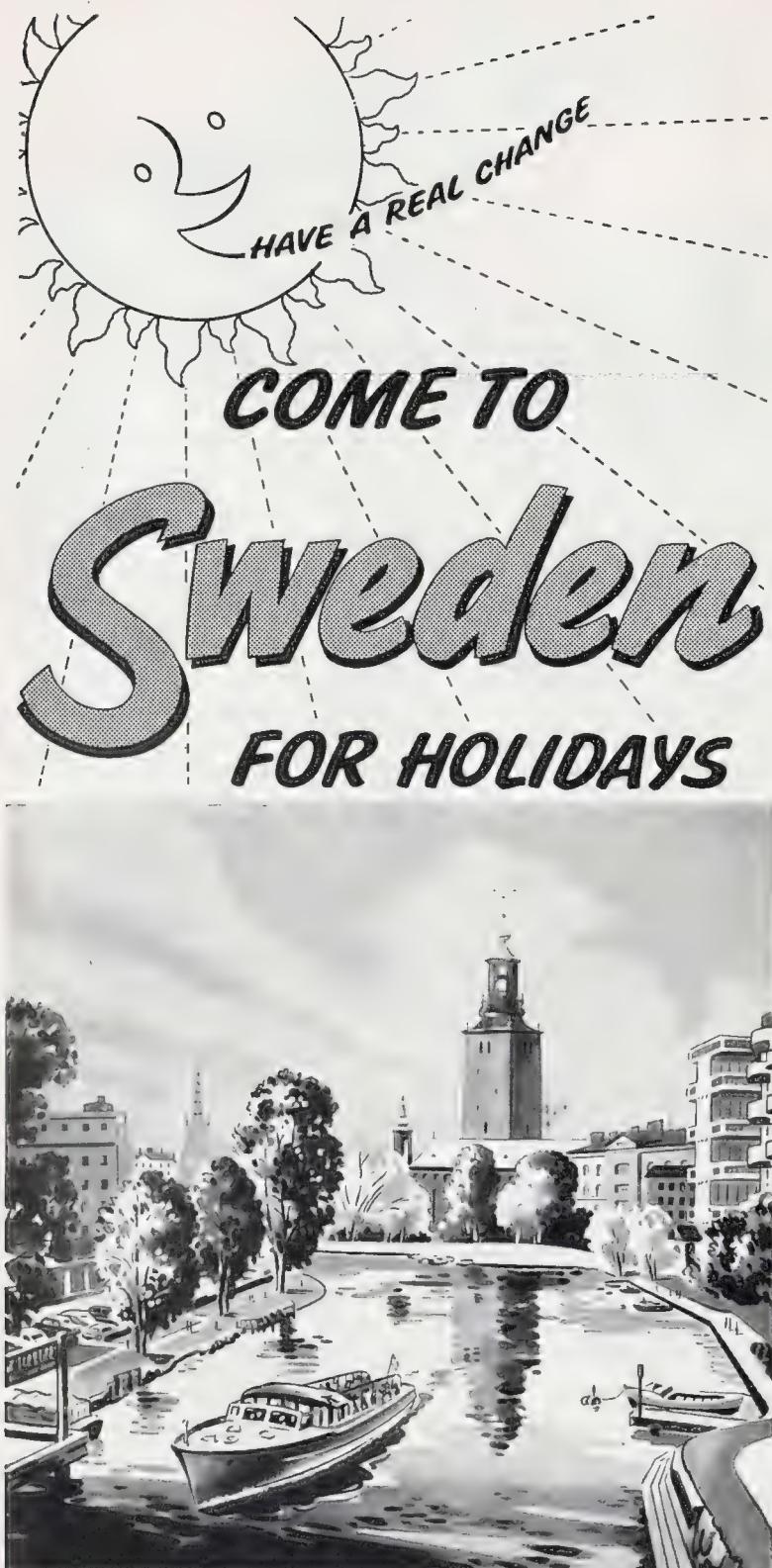
Consult your local B.O.A.C. Appointed Agent or B.O.A.C., Airways Terminal, Victoria, S.W.1 (VIC 2323); 75 Regent St., W.1 (MAY 6611) or offices in Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham and Liverpool (see your Telephone Directory for details)

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## A *cosmopolitan* banquet

*-Helen Burke*

TRAVELLING on the Continent means much more than a change of scenery and climate, if we travel south. It also means a change of food, but how different the dishes are depends on where we eat.

I am reminded of the disappointment of a reader who told me that not once in Paris could she detect garlic in a dish. I wrote to her that she should have sought out restaurants which specialized in regional fare, for it was in them that garlic-perfumed food would be found.

In one famous restaurant in Paris which I used to frequent, the *plat du jour*, each day, was a dish from different provinces in France—a potted gastronomic tour. Here were specialities from Normandy and Brittany, from Burgundy and Alsace, from Provence and the country of the Basques. This meant adventuring in cookery. Some people, however, probably because of some unhappy experience in the past, call for the very dishes they enjoy at home.

UNHAPPY experience? I remember dining in a well-known restaurant in Rouen. The speciality that day was pheasant cooked with cabbage and my host persuaded me to have this dish. As the bird was an old one, requiring from four to five hours' cooking to be tenderized, you can imagine how indigestible the cabbage was. And yet it is to cabbage that I turn as the perfect "regulator."

After three or four days in Paris, I am glad to find a restaurant where I can get *Choucroute Garni Alsacienne*, because, for some reason, it is the most satisfactory dish when one has indulged in too many butter dishes and too much creamy sauce. It can quite easily be made at home.

Well rinse the sauerkraut (finely shredded cabbage preserved in brine) in clear water, then boil it quickly in ham stock. Serve with slices of ham, Frankfurter sausages and plain boiled potatoes. Pickled streaky pork can take the place of ham or be included in the dish.

Long before World War Two, four of us made a gastronomic tour of Burgundy where, as we travelled, we picked up some wonderfully good dishes. The best were, of course, the simple ones such as Loire Salmon with Hollandaise Sauce and *Beuf à la Mode*, which you will find anywhere in France and, very often, in this country. And there was *Soupe à l'Oignon*. After a long day's driving, it was pleasant to commence a meal with this. And here is, perhaps, the best of all the various kinds we enjoyed.

Start with mild onions, first quartered and then cut into very thin slices. For

[Continued on page 619]





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Continuing—

## A cosmopolitan banquet

four servings, you will need at least a pound. Cook them very gently in butter (not too much) until they melt down slowly and become translucent. Then, ever watchful, brown them while the bottom of the pan itself takes on a lovely rich deep gold tone. (Do keep an eye on the onions at this stage, because they are very easily burned and burned onions are unpleasant.) Now add water or stock and seasoning to taste.

Though plain water is the best "stock" for soups of this kind, you may have had a chicken and may like to make a stock from the remains. Boil the carcass with a carrot and onion to extract the "essence." Strain the liquid into the well cooked and reduced onions and season as above.

Turn the soup into a tureen or individual marmites, place small rounds of French bread, dried out in the oven (two to three per serving) on top, sprinkle with grated Gruyère cheese, colour under the grill and serve at once. As some people do not like the cheese, this and the dried bread can be passed separately.

If you like, you can add a tablespoon of flour to the onions after they have become soft and brown it with them. That is considered by some to make a superior soup. For me, however, the clear soup is infinitely more appealing.

I SHALL always associate *Coquilles Saint-Jacques* (of which I wrote two weeks ago) with Dieppe and the holiday resorts along the coast towards the west. It was near Dieppe that a friend gave us her own special Turbot with Cream Sauce. It is the most simply prepared and delicious way that I have found of cooking and serving this fish.

She strewed thinly sliced unpeeled button mushrooms on the bottom of a generously buttered shallow earthenware dish and sprinkled them with lemon juice to keep them white. On top, she placed two large turbot steaks, first dipped in seasoned flour, and added a little butter to each of them. Then, to the dish, she added a wine-glass of dry white wine, a very small piece of bay leaf, a slice of onion, several parsley stalks and, finally, a cupful of whipping cream. She closely covered the surface with butter papers, buttered sides down, and slowly baked the fish for about thirty minutes.

She lifted the fish on to a hot dish and covered it. After removing the onion, bay leaf and parsley stalks, she drained off the creamy fish stock and slowly reduced it over a low heat. Next, she removed the mushrooms, wiped the earthenware dish clean, replaced the fish in it and put the mushrooms on top. She garnished the dish with fennel, first boiled in salted water, drained and pressed free of moisture.

Then she beat an egg yolk with a little of the sauce and added it to the remainder. (For the benefit of young cooks, this was to prevent the

[Continued on page 621]



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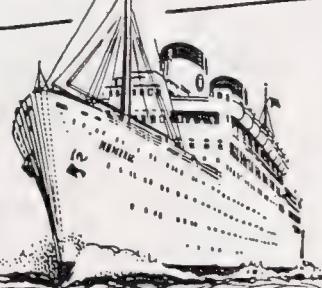
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**Continuing—**

## A cosmopolitan banquet

yolk cooking in small particles). She spooned the sauce over the fennel, mushrooms and fish and slipped the dish under the grill to colour a little.

Sole, halibut or the skinned fillets of any round white fish can be treated in the same way and, if you do not like fennel, tinned asparagus tips, warmed in butter and placed around the fish after it has coloured, would be excellent.

**N**ow to the south of France where, from Marseilles all along the Côte d'Azur to the Italian frontier, the visitor will either "try" *Bouillabaisse*—once at any rate—or be branded as lacking enterprise. You can get this fish stew everywhere—from the grand places down to the smallest seaside *bistro*—all, perhaps, a little different and all much more expensive than we can well afford, these days. At a small and unpretentious restaurant in old Nice, the dish cost us 30s. a portion, and I was the only one who enjoyed it. But I agree with my colleague, Mr. Bickerstaff, that *Bouillabaisse* is a much overrated dish.

I would say that *Bouillabaisse* is a dish which makes a virtue of necessity—the "necessity" being the number of small fish which goes into it, really small fish which our own fishermen would throw back into the sea.

Here is Escoffier's recipe, the "etc." of fish being very significant!

The fish for *Bouillabaisse* are rascasse, chapon, dory, whiting, filets, boudreuil, spiny lobster, red mullet, gurnet, etc.

Cut the larger fish into slices; leave the smaller ones whole, and with the exception of the whiting and the red mullet, which cook more speedily than the others, put them all into a saucepan.

For 2-lb. fish, add 1 small onion, the chopped white of 1 leek, 1 small peeled, pressed (deseeded) and chopped tomato, 2 crushed cloves of garlic, a large pinch of *concassé* (roughly chopped) parsley, a pinch of powdered saffron, a bit of bay, a little savory and fennel and 2 tablespoons of oil.

Moisten the fish with just enough cold water to cover it, and season with  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of salt and a pinch of pepper per quart of water.

Set to boil and cook over a brisk fire. At the end of 8 minutes, add the pieces of whiting and red mullet, and leave to cook for a further 7 minutes.

Pour the liquor of the *Bouillabaisse* over some slices of household bread lying on the bottom of a deep dish; set the fish on another dish with the sections of spiny lobster all round, and serve.

As some of the above fish are unobtainable here, Mme. Prunier's book gives red mullet, gurnet, wevers, small congers, rock salmon, John Dory, very small turbot and a medium sized crayfish (langouste) or lobster.

**T**HREE is a lovely vegetable stew, a glorious mixture you may sample in Provence, called *Ratouille*. If you use a red sweet pepper, you will probably want to skin it, but a green one can be left as it is. Choose a good thick red pepper. Place it under a very hot

[Continued on page 622]



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**Continuing—**

## **A cosmopolitan banquet**

grill to char the skin which can then be peeled off very easily. Remove the stem end, the seed core and any stray seeds. Cut the pepper into not-too-thin-slices.

Add 1 to 2 finely sliced onions and simmer them together in a little olive oil. When the onions are just about cooked, add about a pound of skinned deseeded tomatoes. (Cut them in halves, push out the seeds with the thumb, then cut in quarters.) Add also a sliced peeled aubergine and 2 to 3 sliced baby courgettes. The tiny ones do not need to be peeled. Add garlic to taste or place the salt you intend to use on a plate and crush the garlic into it. Scrape off the garlic-flavoured salt and add it to the stew with freshly ground pepper to your own liking.

Cook gently until the vegetables are soft, but not mushy. You may like this as a main dish "on its own" or to serve with grilled chops or even with sliced cold roast beef.

**A**CROSS the border to Italy and, of course, minestrone. Here is a recipe given to me by Bianchi, one of London's leading Italian chefs before the war. His advice was that water was the best "stock" for this soup.

Cut into small strips 2 to 3 oz. of *lardo* (that dry fat salt pork you will find in any Continental food shop). Gently fry them to extract some of the fat. Add a sliced carrot, a sliced onion, a finely chopped clove or two of garlic, a sliced stalk of celery, and 4 chopped skinned and deseeded tomatoes.

Let these "sweat" for 10 minutes over a low heat. Add water to make 6 to 7 helpings, a small cup of parboiled butter or haricot beans and pepper and salt to taste. Boil for half an hour, then add 1 to 2 diced raw potatoes, a shredded small cabbage and 1 to 2 tablespoons Italian rice or spaghetti and cook until the rice or spaghetti is done. Pass grated Parmesan cheese with the soup.

*Vitello Tonnato* is a speciality of Milan, though it is fairly general in Italy. It is a curious combination of veal and tunny fish, but ideal for a cold meal. It should be prepared a day or two in advance and is, therefore, an excellent dish for the single-handed cook who likes to entertain.

Cut 2 boned anchovies from brine into 8 strips and "lard" a nice-sized (say, 3 lb.) boned leg of veal with them. Tie into a compact shape. Place the meat in a pan which is a fairly close fit. Add an onion stuck with 2 cloves, 2 sliced carrots, a sliced stalk of celery, a bay leaf, a dessertspoon of salt and enough water to cover. Cover tightly and simmer for 1½ to 1¾ hours.

Drain. When cool, cut into slices and place these in a large enough shallow earthenware or porcelain entrée dish. Pound two more boned anchovies and a small tin of tunny fish in oil. Add a hard-boiled egg yolk and gradually stir in ½ pint olive oil, thinning it down with the juice of a large lemon. Add 2 tablespoons drained capers. Pour this over the veal and leave for a day or two. Serve from the dish, garnished with lemon slices.



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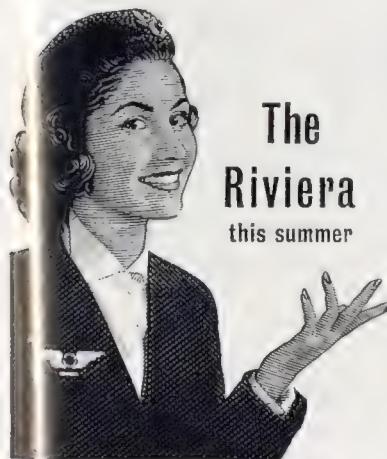


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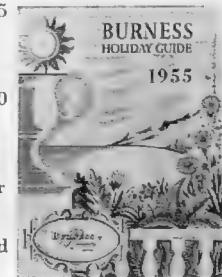
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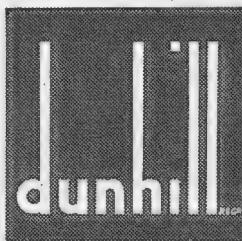


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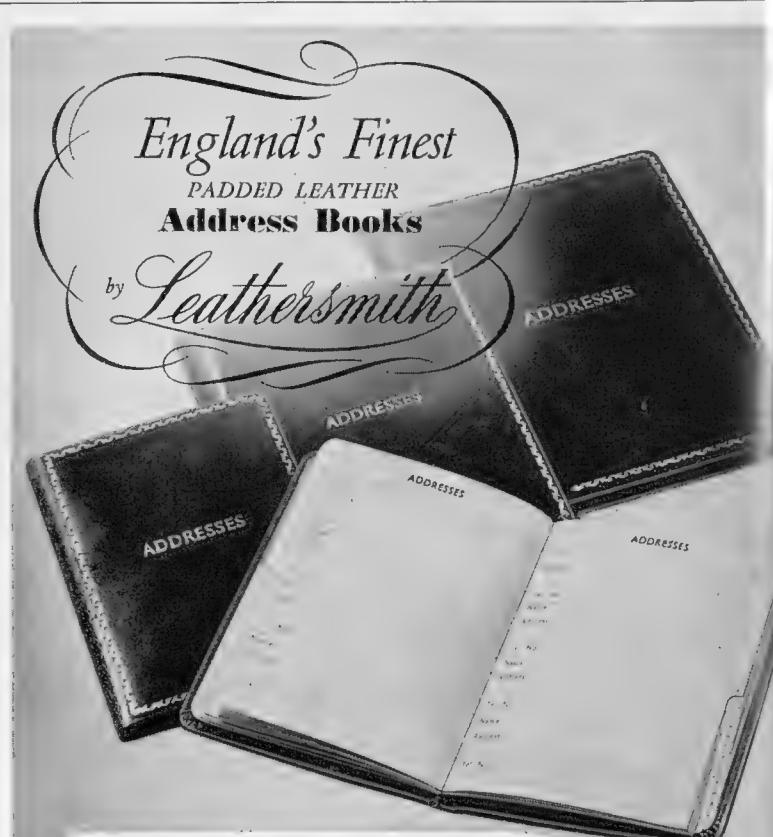
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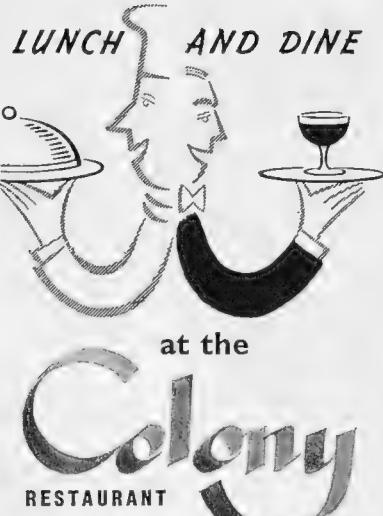
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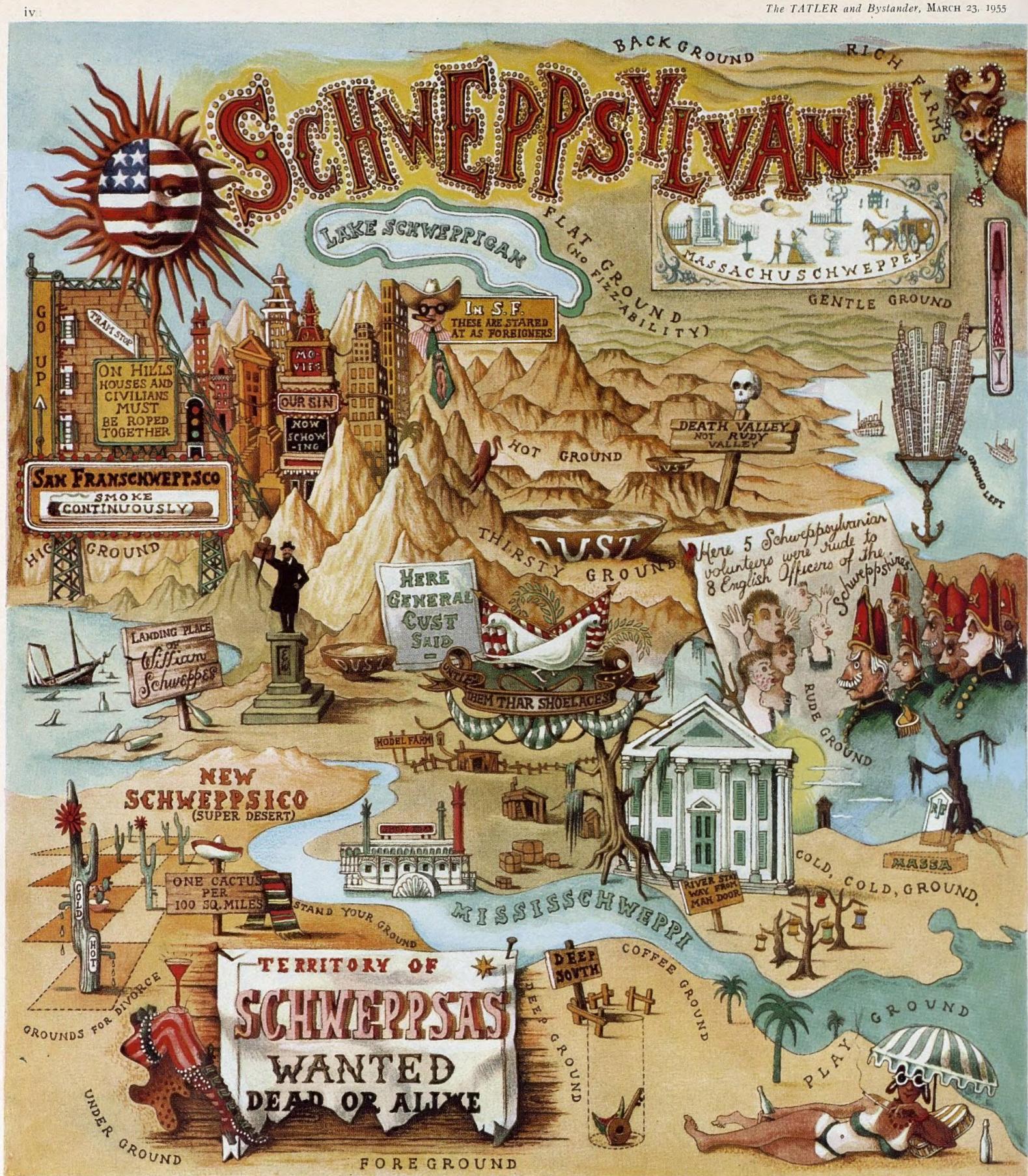


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